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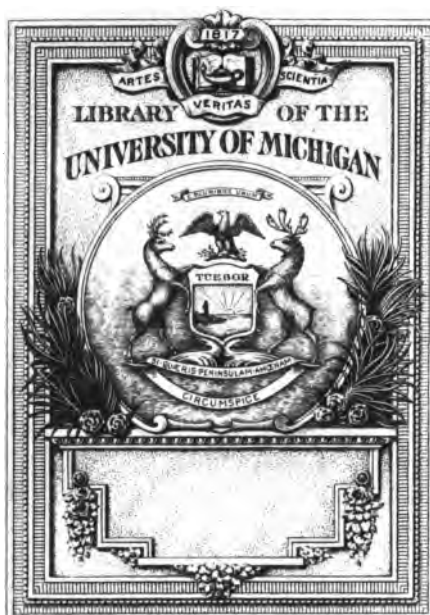
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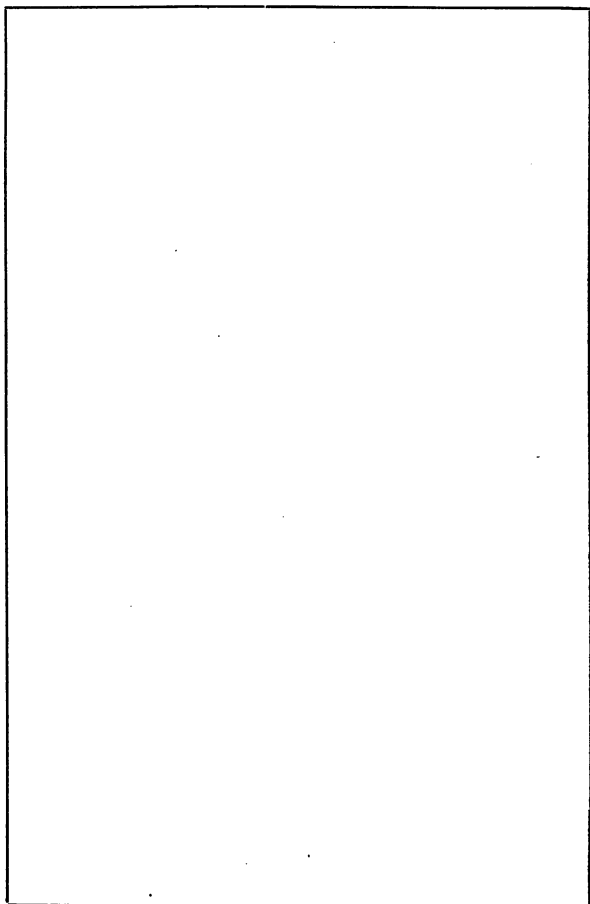
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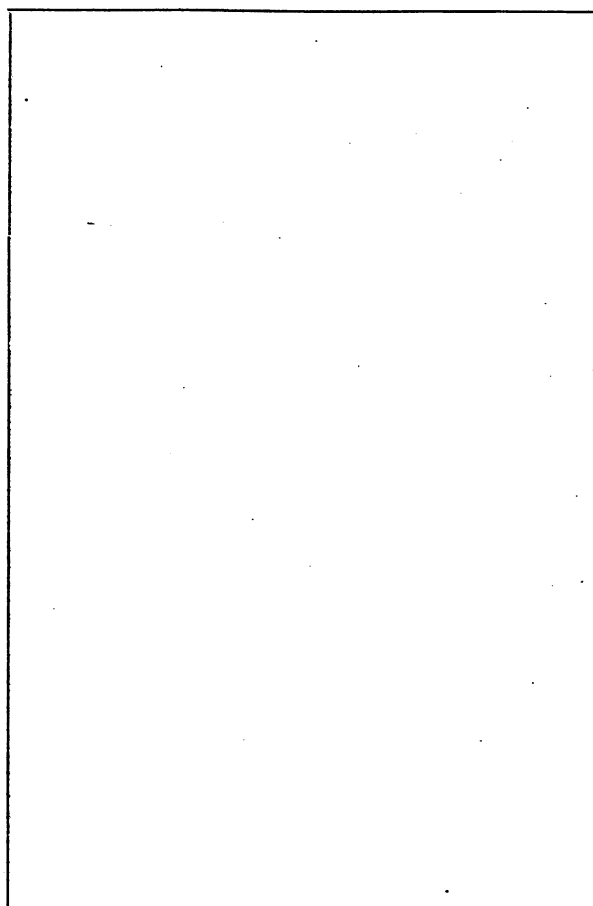
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In Cloisters Dim.

...By....

Charles Curtz Fahn.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Third Edition.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

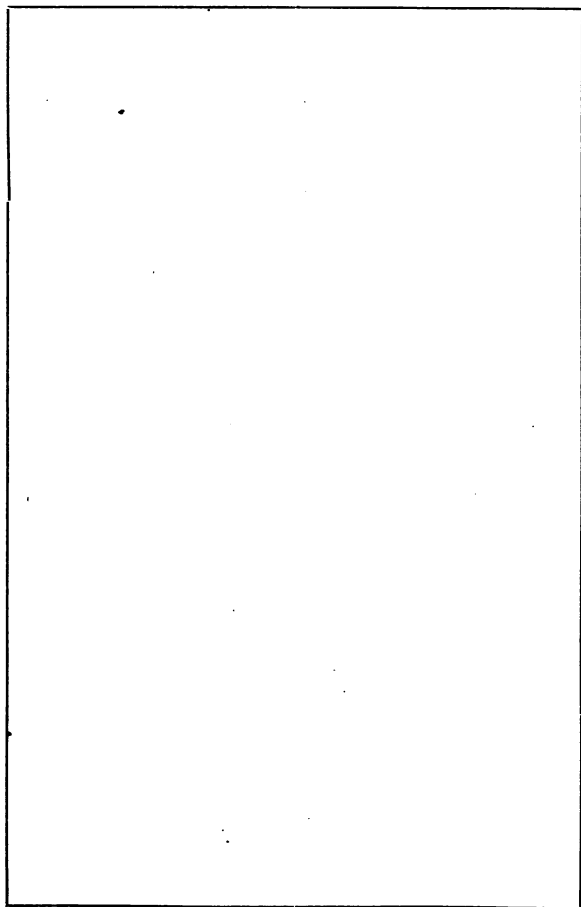
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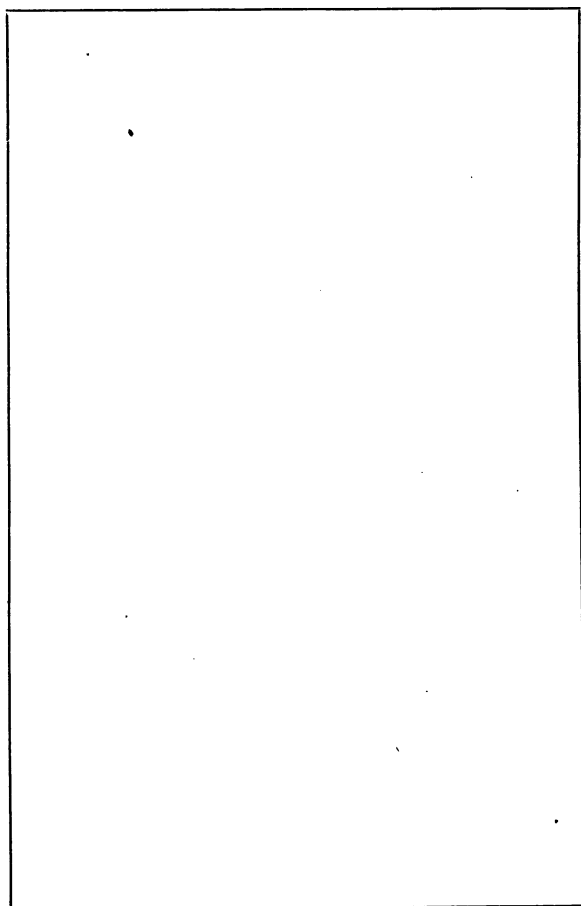


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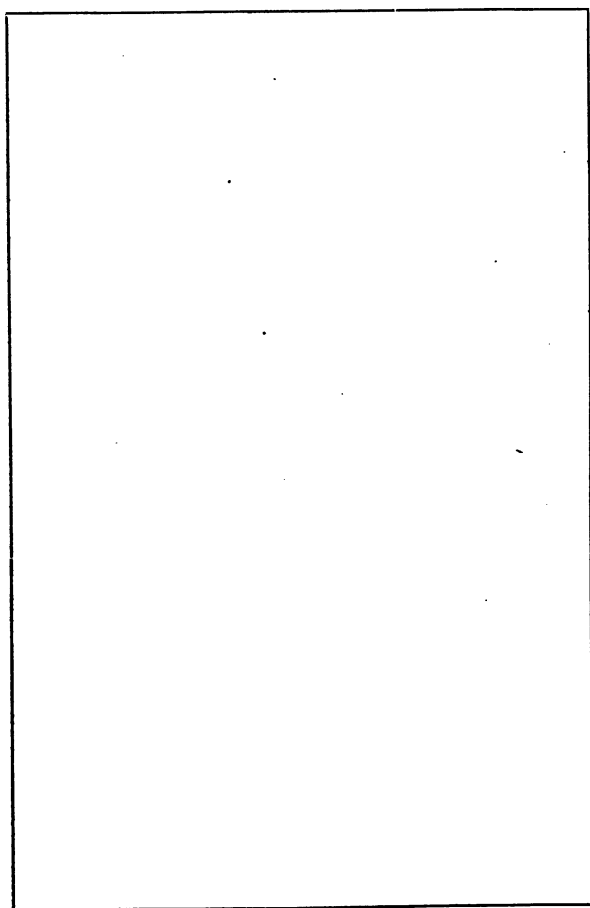
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The Monk's Prayer.



One eve I knelt in a Franciscan church,
And one, I need not name, beside me knelt
And prayed. The twilight cast a sacred gloom
O'er nave and chancel. Sculptured saint,
and saint

In painting, shadowy, spirit-like, appeared.
Her face alone shone clear and angel-like,
And, looking upward to the one red light
Which burned before the Host, a tender light
In her own face, betokened angel smiles.
The sound of children chanting childhood's
hymns

Of praise to Mary. floated down from stalls
Up near the holy place. Two monks in cowls
And girded with the three-fold cord, before
The altar knelt in silent prayer, She, too,

Dear one, prayed, silent. Heart told heart
she prayed

For me.

O, love, long since in Paradise!

This night I vigil keep and kneel alone

Where once those brothers knelt. O, love,
lost love!—

As, walking through fair vales of rest with
Him

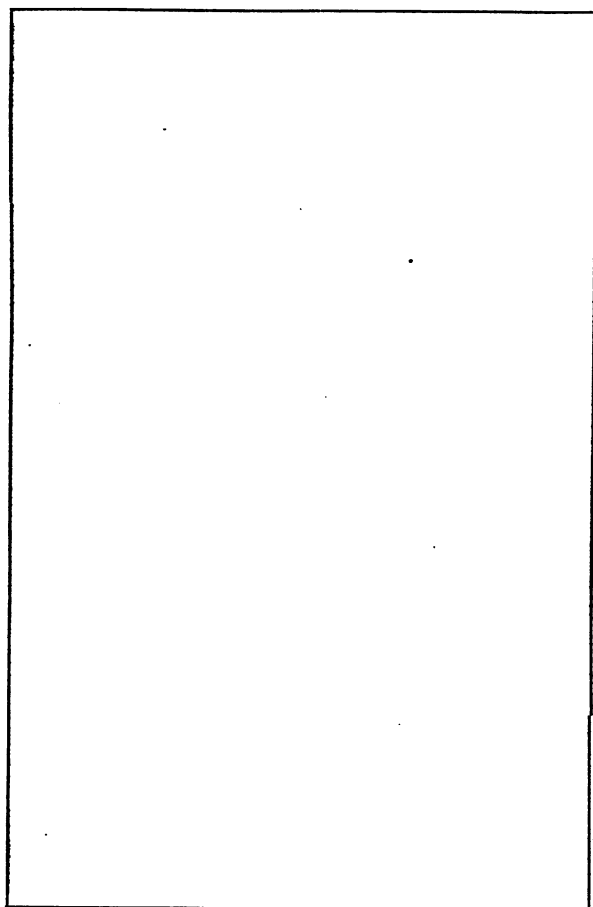
In sacrament adored that eve by us,

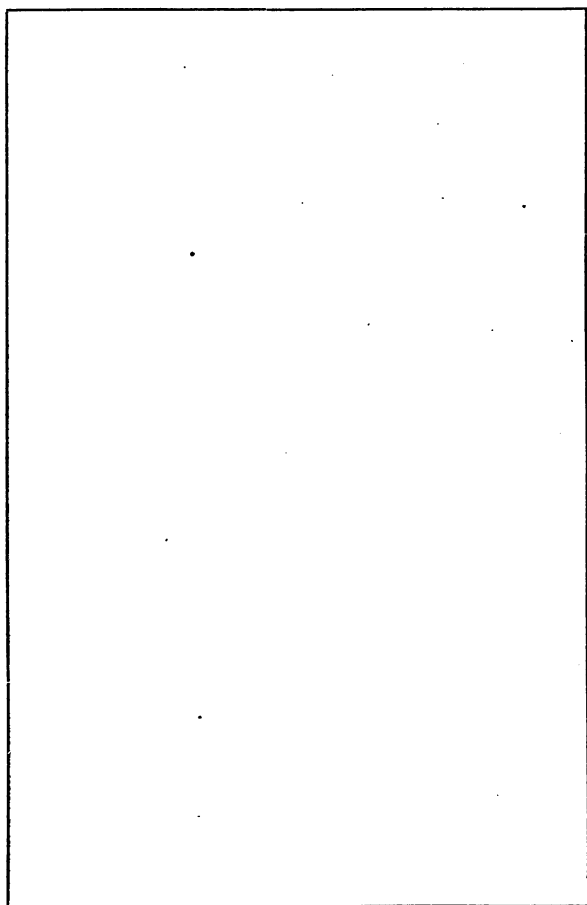
Thou lookest down upon a priest in prayer—

Rememb'ring him who loved, and loving died

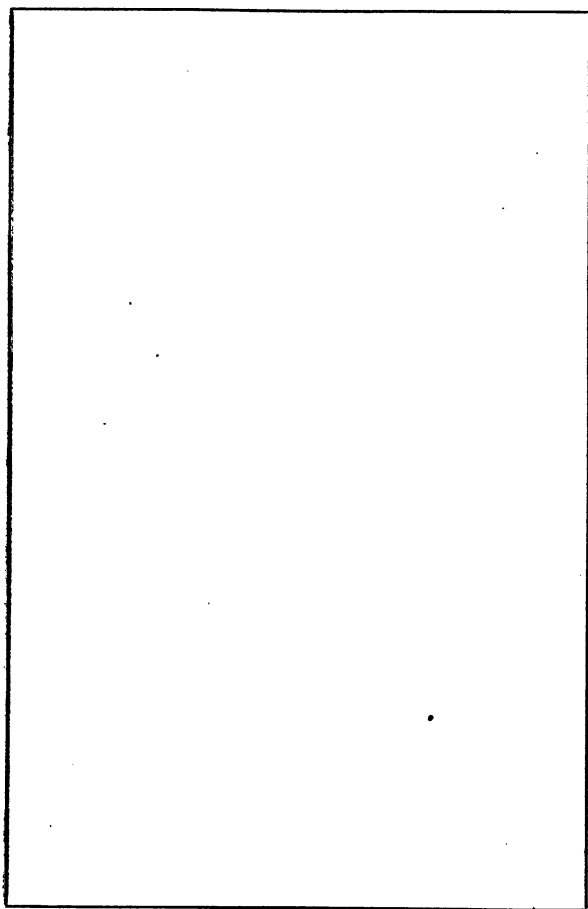
To all the world for thee—this night, my
saint,

My loved one! pray for him who knelt with
thee.





After Many Years.



The peace of God has come to me at last!

At peace, I kneel before the sacred throne.

At peace, at last! Through stormy days I've
passed,

But through the storm I've come unto my
own.

My own? Yes, yes. For peace is mine, and
peace

Is all that God gives unto man. O peace
Of God! thrice blessed does it come to one

Who for long years from sin has sought
release.

I wandered long in search of rest and peace;

Bright crowns of glory were within my
grasp;

But as I touched them, all were turned to
dust,
And faded from my eager, fevered clasp.

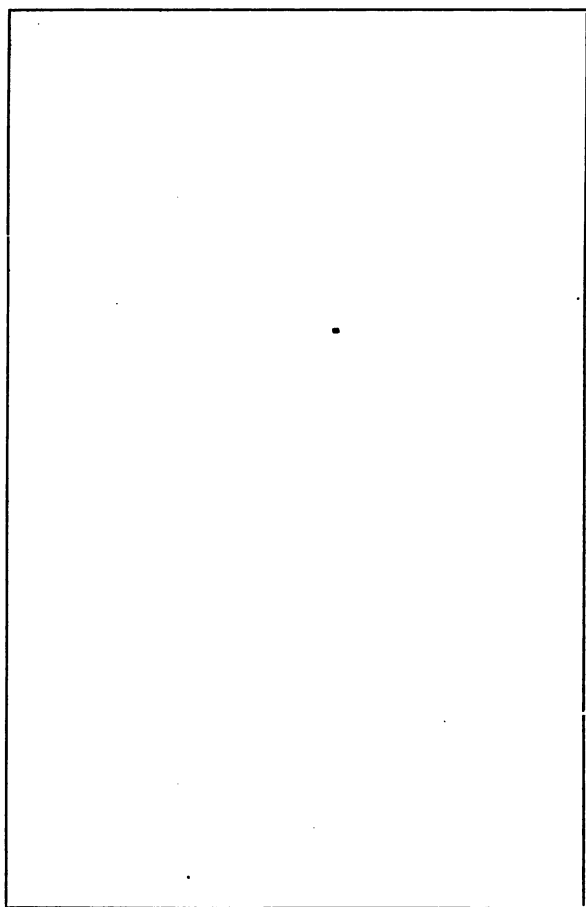
But now I'm thine! O Holy Mother, hear
And bless thine erring son who, at the last,
Has come unto thy shelter to seek rest;
Count not against him, evil days he's
passed.

The sun shines brighter 'gainst the convent
walls;
The green of trees is greener in the wood.
The flowers bloom brighter, and it seems as
if
Through all the world there shines a beam
of good.

The joy of peace! the joy of peace! By me,
The seeking one, is found in cloisters dim.
The path I've chosen is apart from men;
And with the angels I now walk with Him.

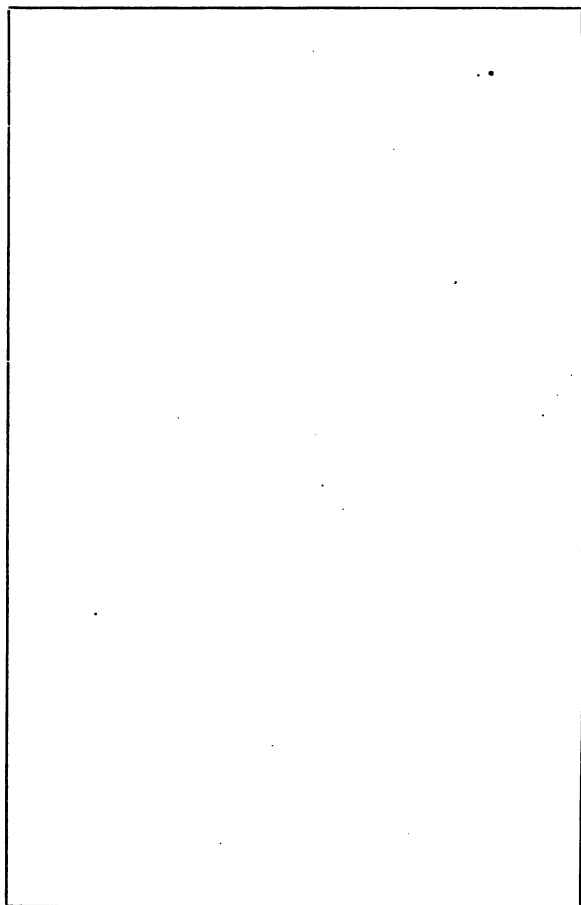
In cloisters dim I now do know that when
I lived a worldling and loved not the things
To which men think it best to give their
strength;
That all was naught to what this cloister
brings.

The peace of God has come to me at last!
Within these convent walls of rough-hewn
stone
I'll live. No thought of earth or what I've
left
Shall thrill my soul. I walk with God
alone.



**And Thou, Too, Weary
Heart, Must Wait.**

**"O tarry thou the Lord's leisure. Be strong, and He
shall comfort thy heart. —Psalm xxvii.**



"To wait." Epitome of life
Is bound up in those words. No one,
Not e'en the youth, with sturdy step,
And proud design fair fame to win,
But's learned already what it is:
To do, to hope, and then to wait.

And thou, too, weary heart, must wait.

The busy man of trade, who sends
His ships o'er oceans wide to lands
In other climes, knows well the words:
To wait and hope, to wait and fear,

And thou, too, weary heart, must wait.

The statesman, scholar, poet, priest,
Sends out his venture on the sea
Of life, and then must wait, and wait,
Long days, long months, it may be years,

Before the hoped-for sails return.
For though he works, he still must wait.

And thou, too, weary heart, must wait.

The man who lives beneath a cloud,
On whom the world in scorn looks down,
Tho' sinning worse than he; the man
Who sinned, but penitent, confessed;
The man who doubts, and in the dark
Is groping for a stronger faith;
The man in pain, in heart pain sore,
Who mourns the loss of friends or hopes,
Whose weary days are spent in prayer—
At morn for night, at night for morn
Again;—all these have learned to wait;
To wear brave smiles, and wait, and wait;

.

The innocent until the cloud
Is lifted from his weary life;
The penitent, forgiveness, peace;
The doubting one, a purer faith;
The man in pain, a healing balm.

And thou, too, weary heart, must wait.

Must wait. For what?

From out the clouds

A heavenly voice makes answer thus:

"It is the leisure of the Lord."

O fainting heart! Look up, rejoice!

Ye are not left alone to grieve.

It is His leisure that ye wait.

When He is ready He will come.

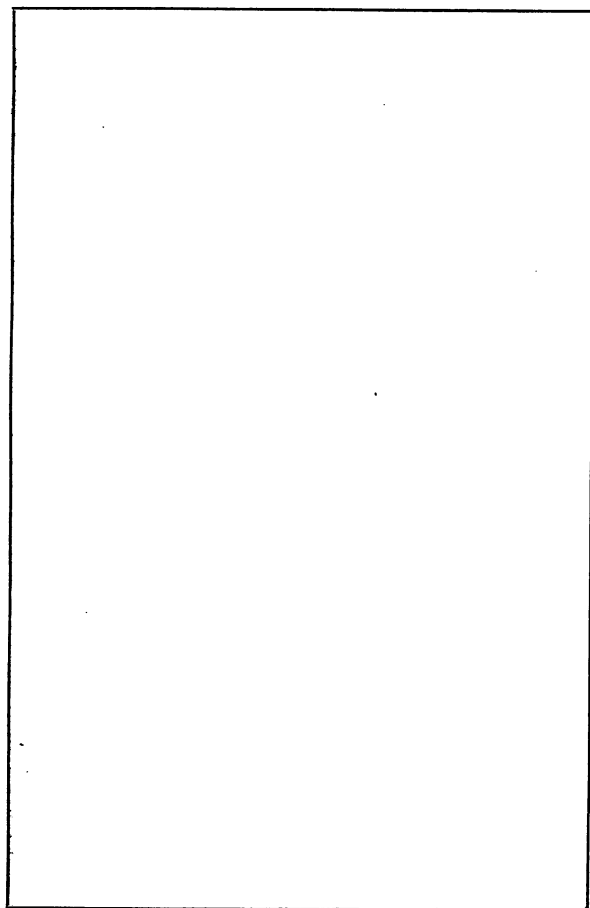
And dash aside the grief and pain.

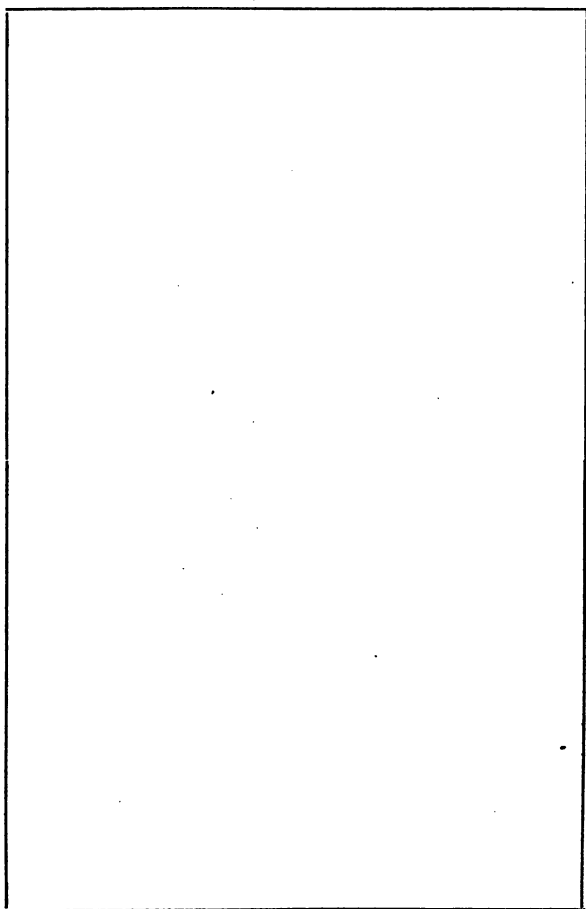
He wishes you to wait, O heart
Tried long and sore distressed—look up.
It is His leisure. So be strong,
And He will cheer thy heart—

But thou, too, weary heart, must wait.

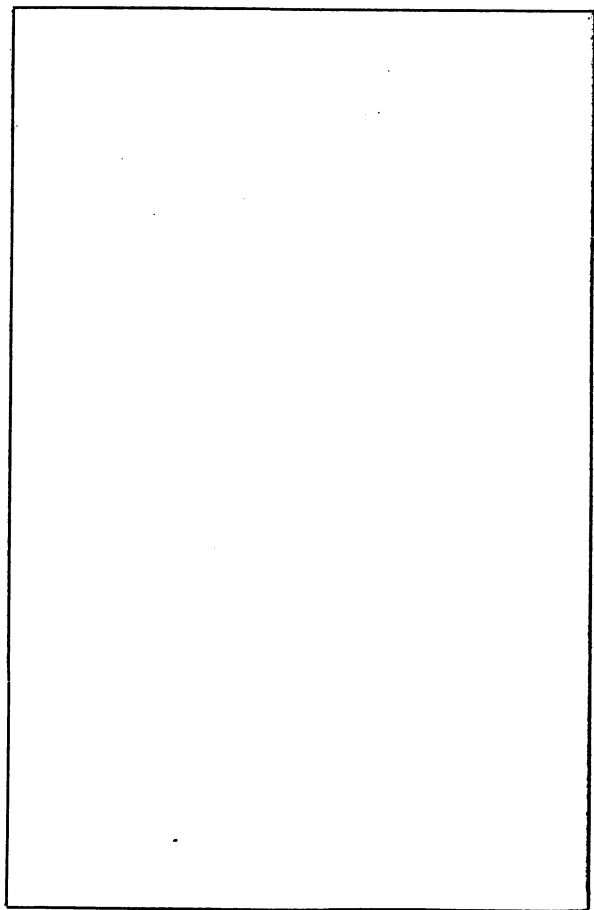
It will not be forever. God
Is looking down in tender love;
He knows the time when you can bear
The sunlight shining through the clouds,
And clouds will break when His time comes.
All things are governed by His hands,
And waiting will not last for aye.
And at the end, the sunshine clear
Will drive away the doubt and pain;
Will shine upon thy dreary life,
And God Himself shall cheer thy heart.

But thou, too, weary heart, must wait





O Calm, Sweet Face.



The power of thy calm face is greater than
The word of priest or prayer of holy saints.
With it before me, strong am I and great;
Without thy face, my spirit droops and faints.

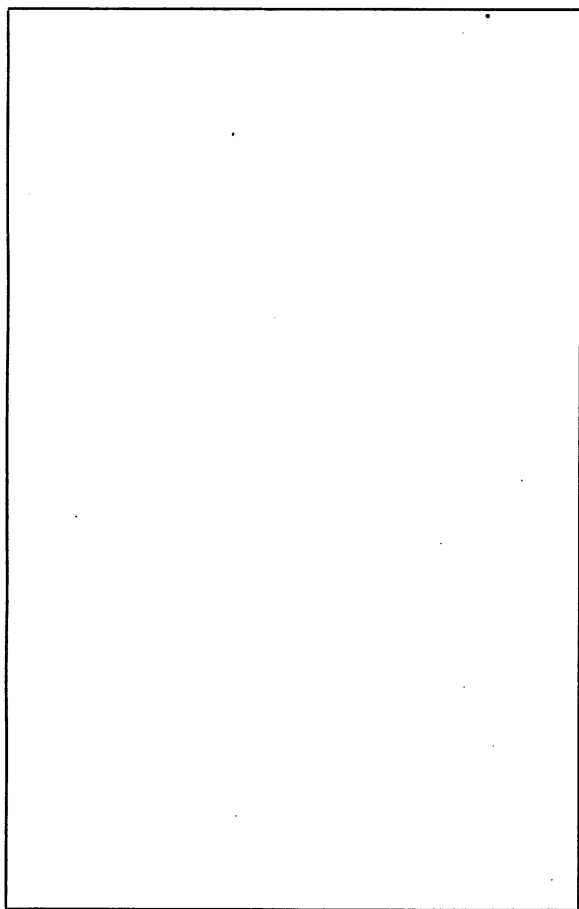
And can God frown if thou lead on to Him
The soul that sought for peace, and through
thy face,
Was lifted to a higher aim in life,
And, led by thee, passed on from sin to
grace?

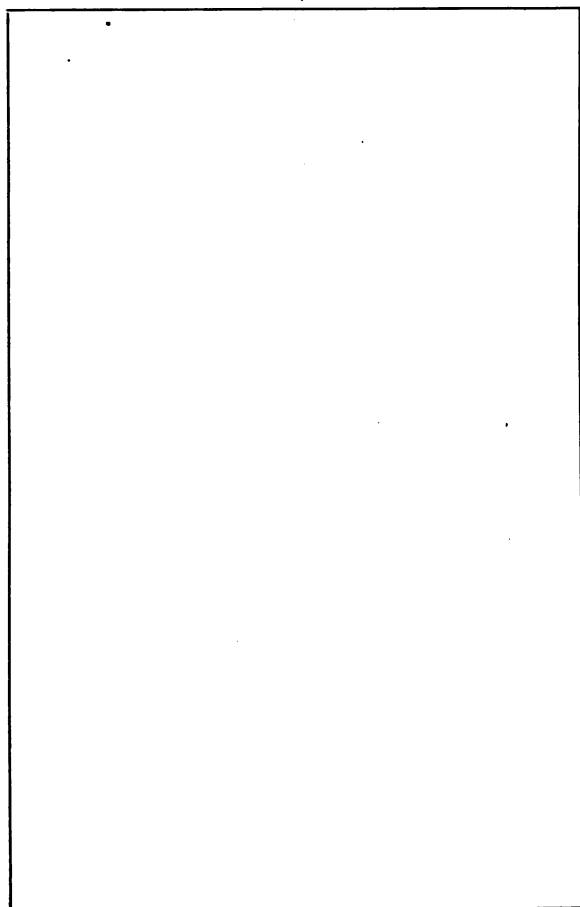
Can He condemn, if, loving thee, I seek
To reach the pureness of the saints above;
Though I not travel in the way He taught,
But live pure life because I thee do love?

O calm, sweet face, thou art the power that
moves

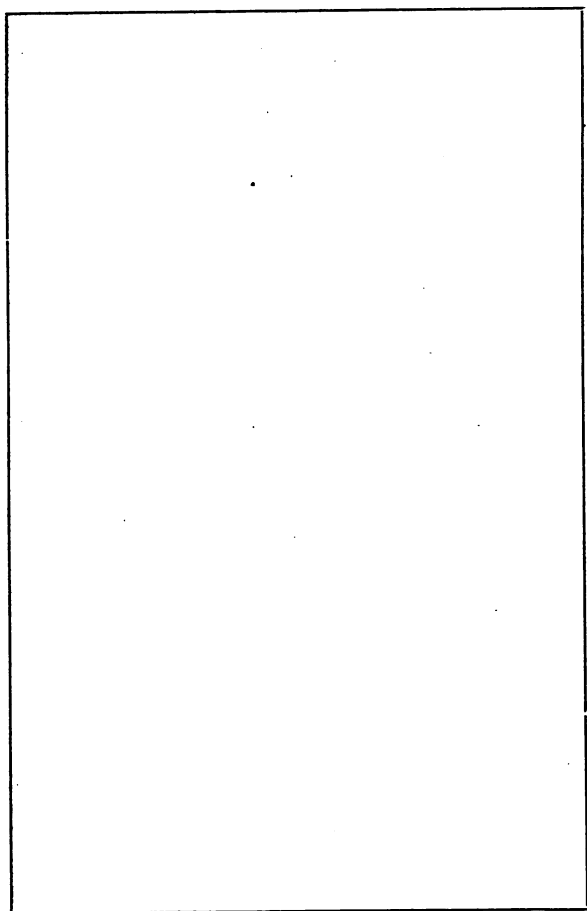
My soul to emulate the saints above.
I shun the evil, choose the good, because
Thy face is good and thy pure face I love.

So strong a power it hath upon me still
In all the trials of this life below,
It cannot fail to lead me onward, 'till
In it I see the light of heaven glow.



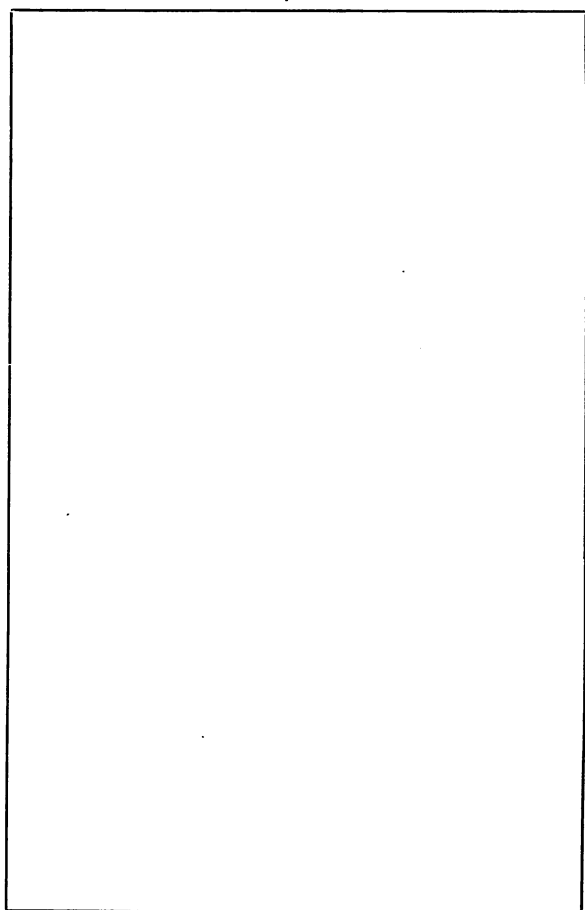


My Crucifix.



I kneel and raise Thee to my lips,
I kiss Thy wounded side;
I kiss Thy hands, Thy feet, each wound
Made for the great world wide.

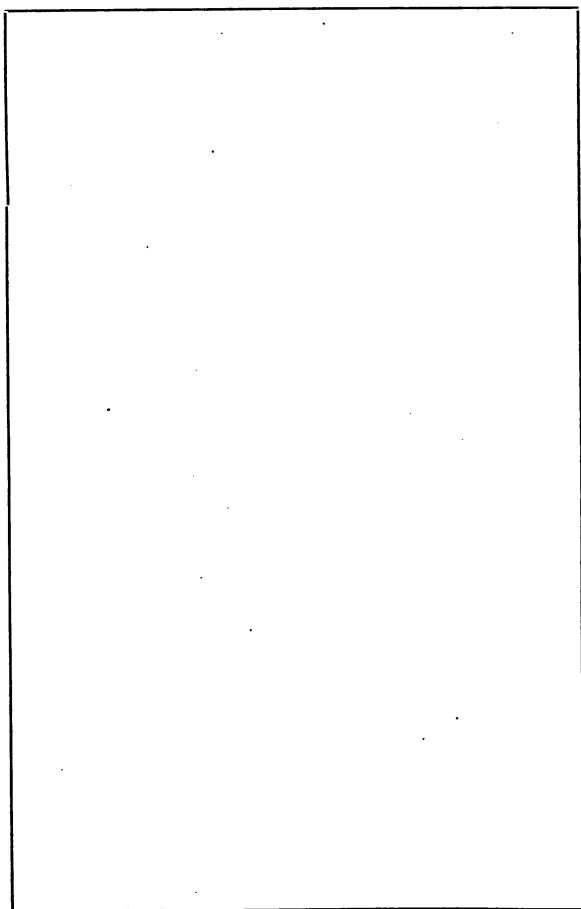
Naught else I kiss in this great world;
My heart is wrapt in Thee;
But the pain within my wounded side
None but my God can see.



The Angelus.

**"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the
fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of
God, pray for us sinners now and in the hour of our
death.**

—The Angelus.



I.

Pausing, kneeling in the morning,
As the day begins;
Pausing, praying at the noontide,
Midst toil's noisy dins;
Pausing, praying in the evening,
Weary of our sins!

'Round the world the trembling prayer
Is a never-ending cry,
From the hearts of loving children,
To the Virgin Queen on high.

II.

Hail, Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with thy soul!

Bless'd above all women
While eternity shall roll,

Ave! Ave!

Hail, Mary! hear thy child:
Full of sin am I;
But with loving heart I turn
Unto thee and cry

Ave! Ave!

Holy Mary, Mother of God!
Near to Him we praise,
Pray to Him for me, thy child,
In these evil days.

Ave! Ave!

Now, for I need thy help!

Now, in this sinful life!

Now, when the waves beat high!

Now, in this weary strife!

Ave! Ave!

Pray for me now, O mother dear,

In my earthly days.

On me in thy pity look,

In this dreary maze,

Ave! Ave!

And when death's deep waters roll

Dark waves over me,

Still, sweet saint, I bid thee pray,

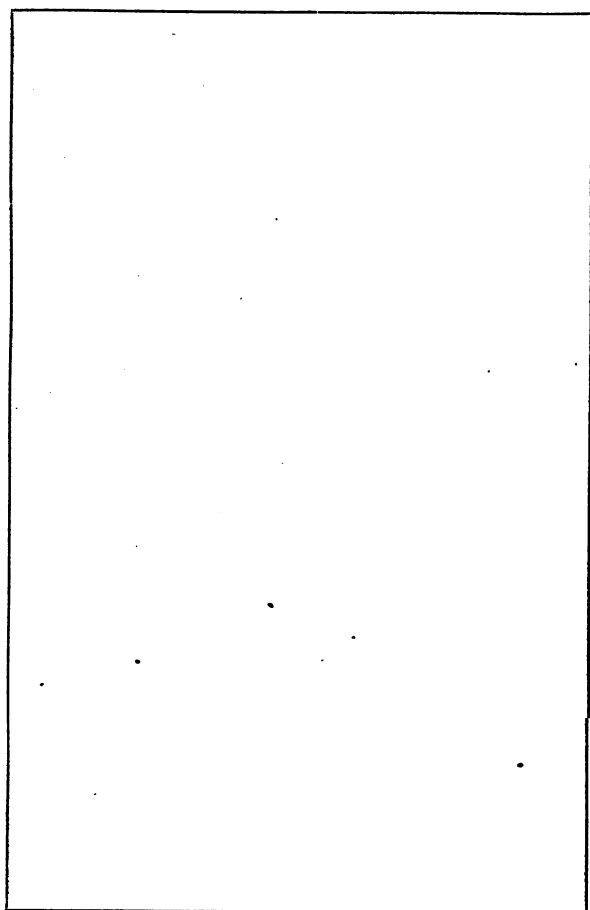
Star of a stormy sea!

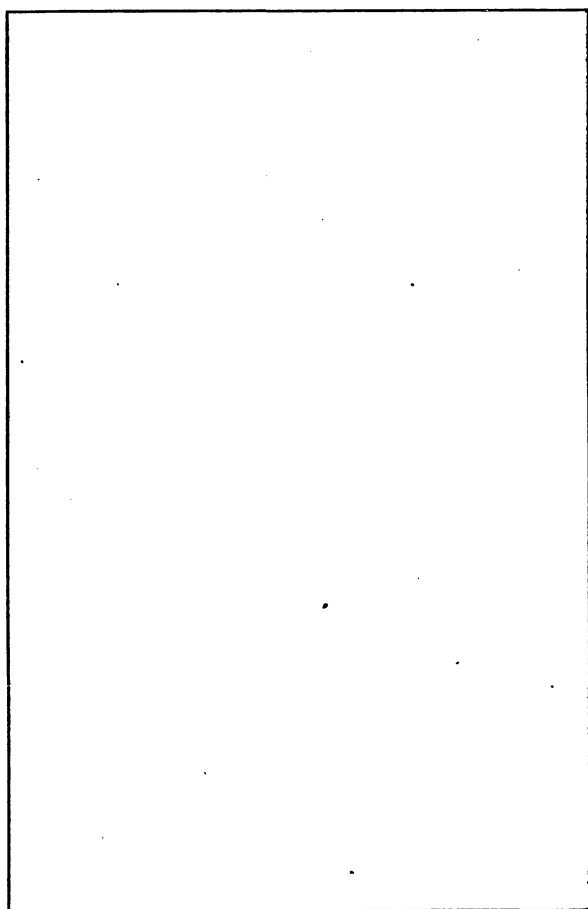
Ave! Ave"

III.

Thus we wreathe the day with "Aves,"
Singing to the Virgin pure;
Lauding her whom God hath chosen
Full of grace while time shall dure.

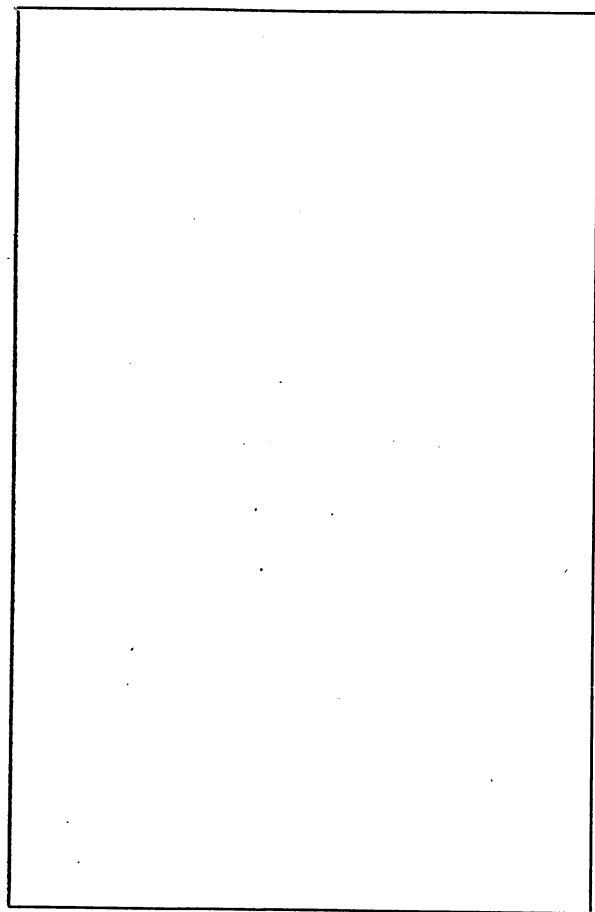
Ave! Ave!





The Chain of Our Sins.

**"Though we be tied and bound by the chain of
our sins."**



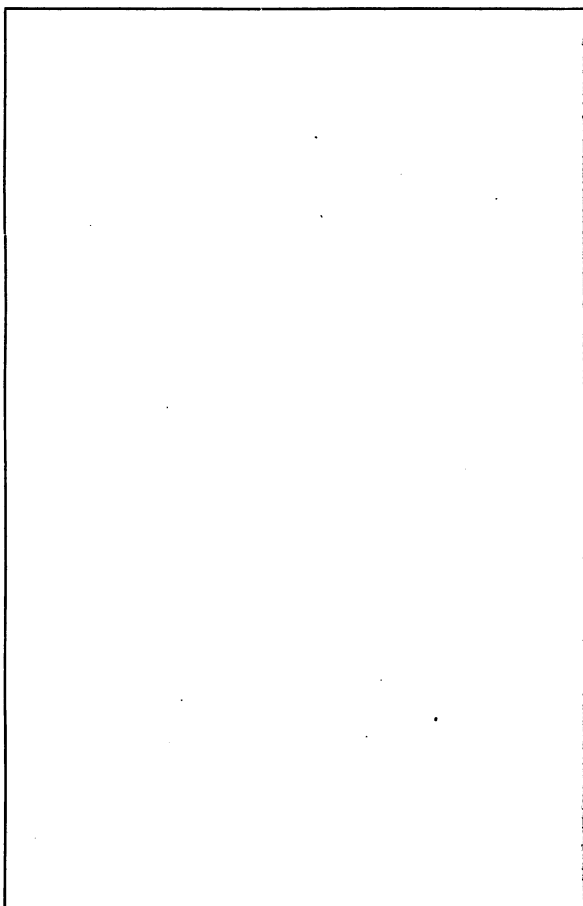
At first, like dainty daisy chains
Which children weave in happy hours,
It lays its fetters over us—
A chain so light, so beautiful,
 Its bands a child might break.

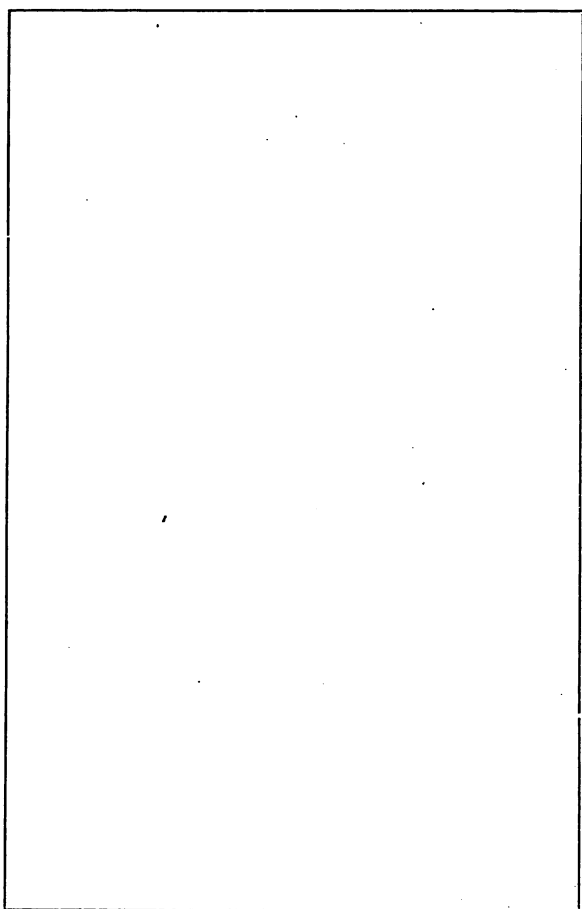
A few years, and the chain becomes
A little stronger—yet of gold;
'Twould grace a lady's neck, its links
 A lady's hand could break.

But years go by: the links have grown,
The gold has changed to tempered steel.
We lowly bend beneath the load,
We fear to meet the gaze of men,
Because they see the chain we bear.
Respect for self and manhood gone,

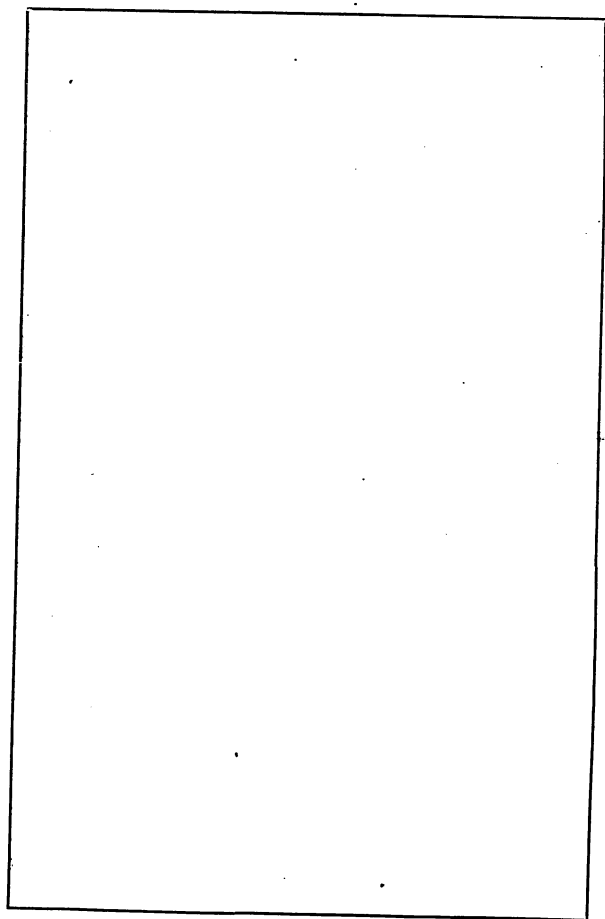
Ideals which once were ours, to turn
Into the fairest of the reals,
Forever gone—we slink along.
Too late with our own hands to rend
The chains which bind us to our sin;
Too late for friends to break the links
And set us free. But one, the Christ,
Now has the power to shatter them.

Then loose our chains, O Lord,
Though we be tied and bound.





**It Seems So Far to
Climb to God.**



It seems so far to climb to God;
I am so low, and He so high,
The way back to His holiness;
It seems so far; I shall not try.

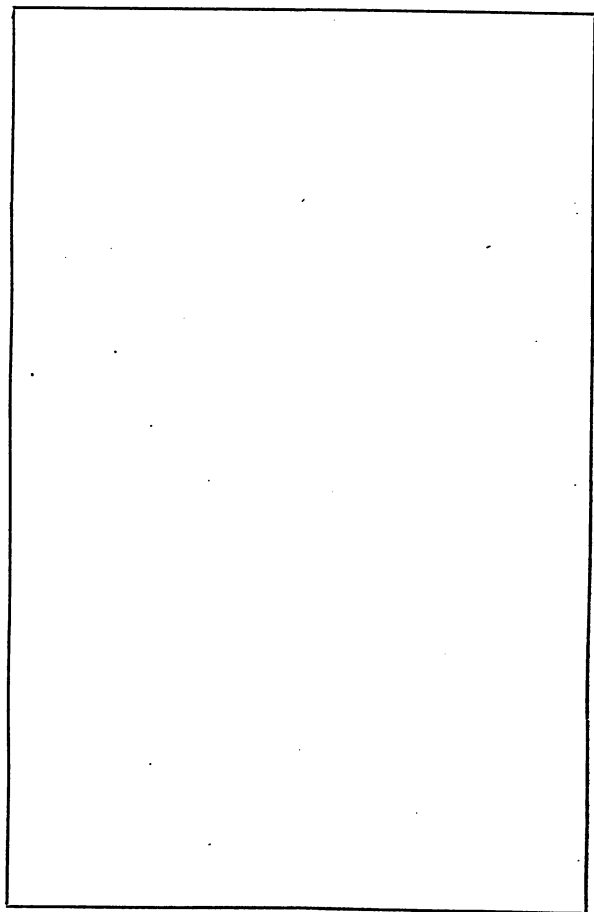
It seems so far to climb to God;
So many sins to cast away,
So much of purity to gain,
I cannot reach Him if I may.

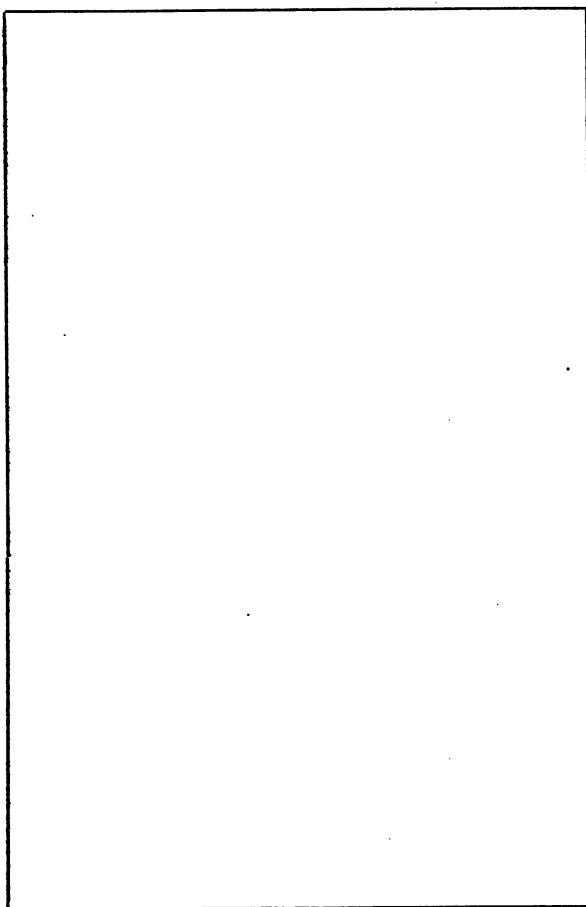
It seems so far to climb to God;
I am so weak and He so great,
I never can reach up to Him;
I'll linger still outside the gate.

It seems so far to climb to God;
And yet God knows, and so He says,

“But one step at a time,” and gives
Strength unto us as are our days.

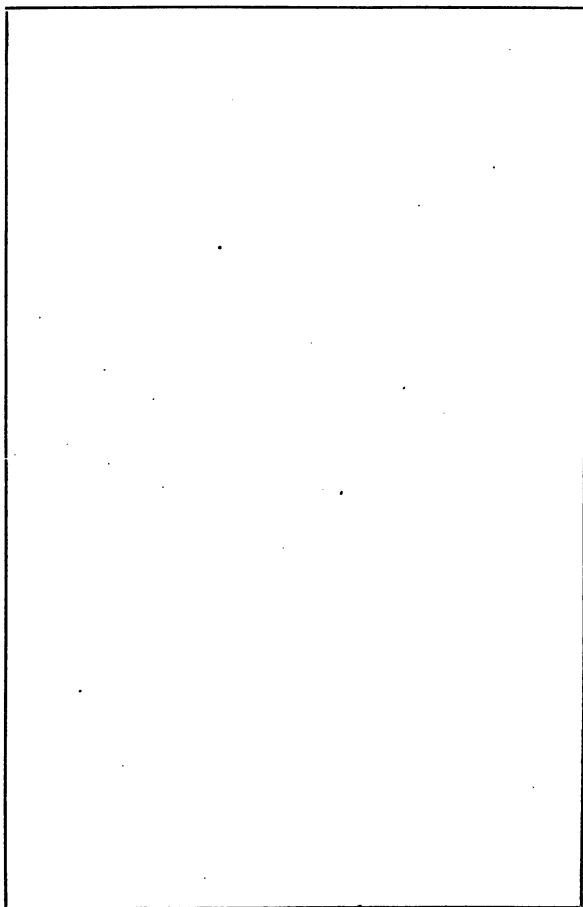
So, step by step, He leads us up—
A sin cast back, a virtue won—
Until at last we stand by Him,
Led up and saved by His own Son.





Septuagesima.

"Lest I become a castaway."

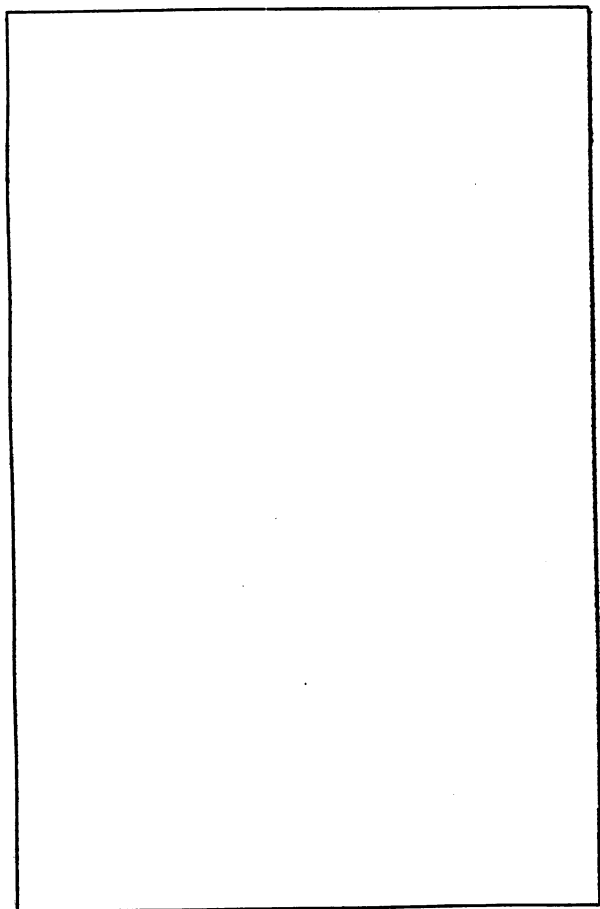


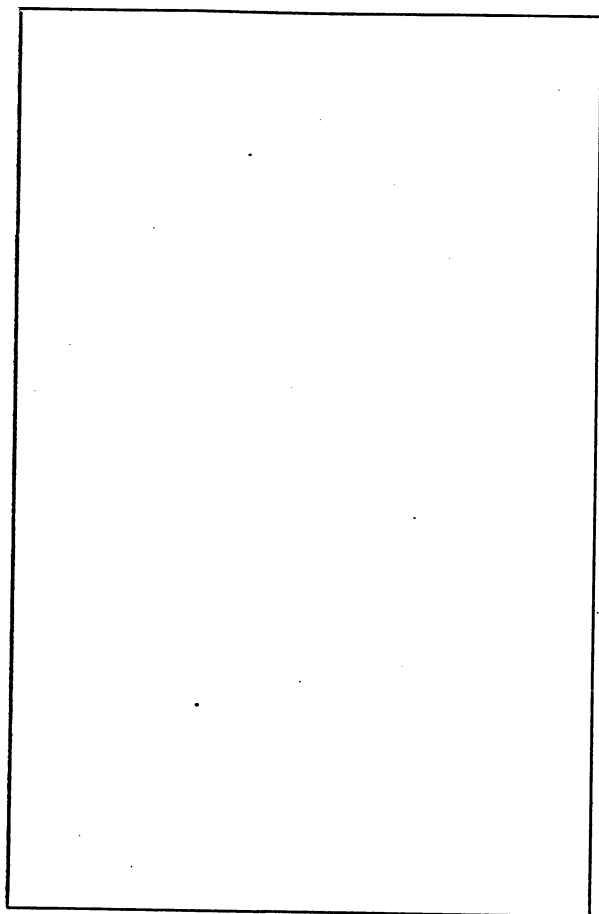
This solemn Septuagesima,
With force the lesson comes again,
As with her warning voice the Church
Calls to her courts all sorts of men,
And bids them learn the way to God.
I fast and weep, repent and pray,
Lest having preached to others, I
Should, hapless, prove a castaway.

I voiced the call of Mother Church,
To others preached the living word.
I led the way for other men,
I warned and others heard.
And now, in fear and trembling sore,
I kneel and weep and fast and pray;
Lest having preached to others, I
Should, hapless, prove a castaway.

Hear me, dear Lord, but this once more,
Forgive my wandering steps, and lead
Me back into Thy fold, and give
Full strength Thy loving voice to heed.
And may I keep my body down,
My soul grow stronger day by day;
Lest having preached to others, I
Should, hapless, prove a castaway.

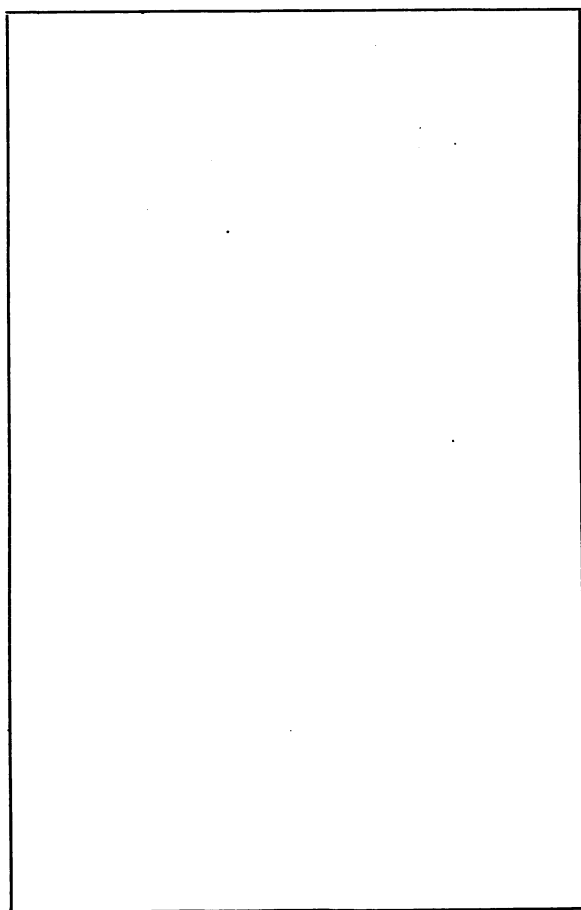
Upon my knees I vow this day,
With Thy dear grace, to break the bands
Which bind me to the world and sin;
The future leaving in Thy hands.
But keep my body under, Lord;
This day I humbly kneel and pray;
Lest having preached to others, I
Should, hapless, prove a castaway.





Ash Wednesday.

"Remember, man. from dust thou art; to dust thou must return."

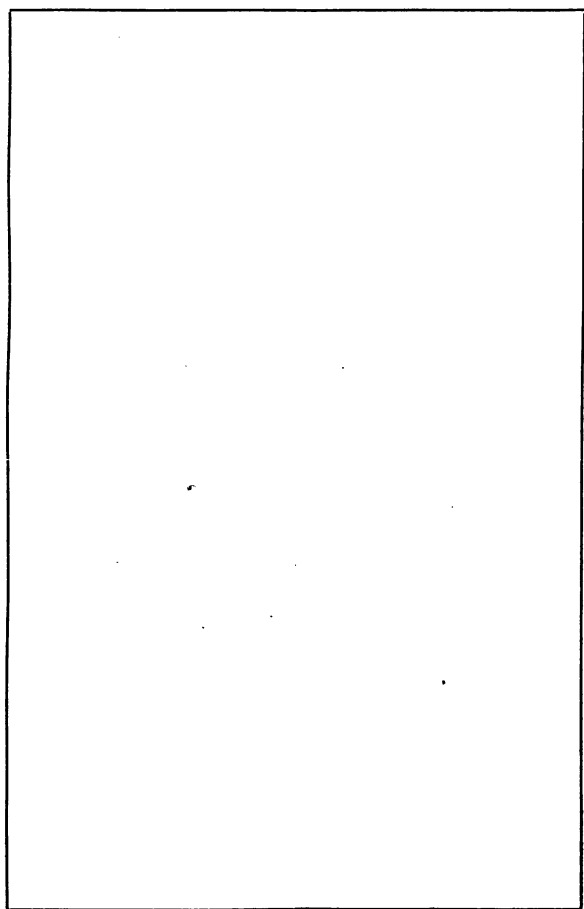


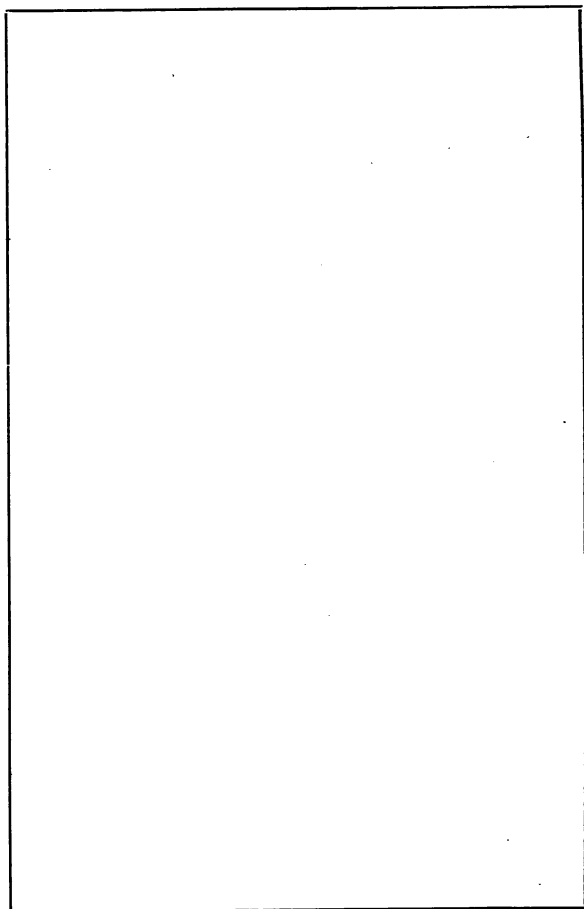
“Remember, man,” the Holy Church in solemn cadence speaks,
As, clothed in penitential garb, she bids us
humbly learn
By prayers, and tears, and fastings oft, the
road to Calvary;
“Remember, man, from dust thou art, to dust
thou shalt return.”

The grave and death, the Mother Church bids
us now contemplate,
On this first day in which she calls us from
the world apart,
To tread with her the weary way again to
Calvary,
And watch beneath our dying Lord—gaze on
his pierced heart.

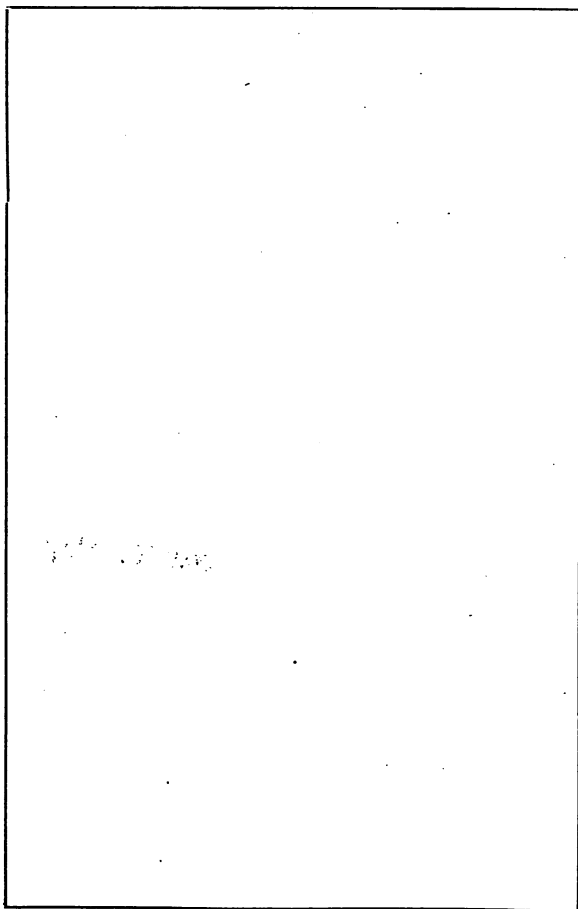
“Remember, man,” from out the world, with
solemn steps, she leads
Down deep into the Lenten vale; the cross in
ashes traced
Upon our brows, in token that to dust we
must return;
And yet, before Lent pass away, that thought
must be effaced.

For through the Lenten gloom there comes
a thought of Easter day,
Which even now is struggling through the
darkness of the night,
Our hearts are turned towards death that
we may reach the dying Christ,
And by the road to Calvary be led to Easter
light.





Sweet Peace is Born.



There is no life in which there is
No weeping Lent.
Each year we find a new made grave
Till life is spent.

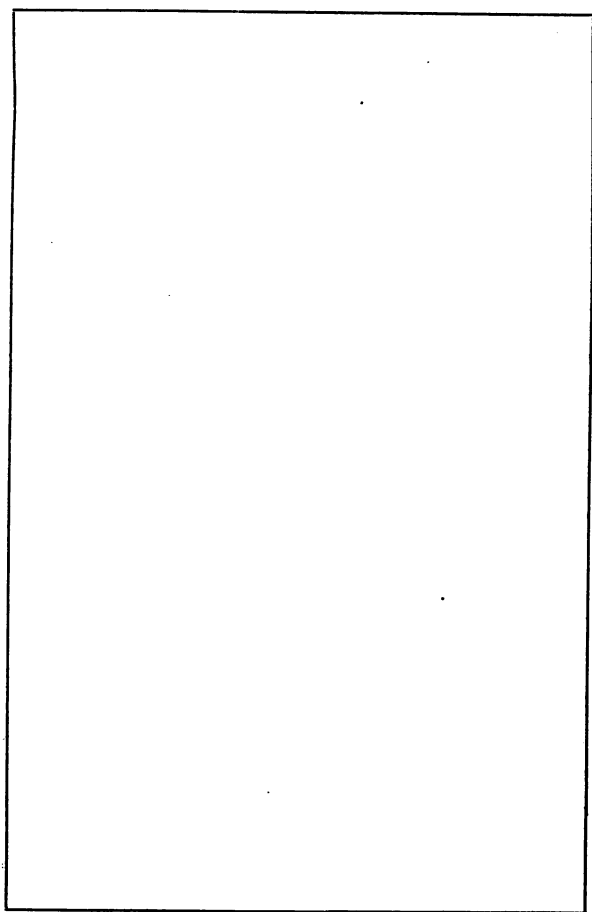
There is no life but has its pain,
Each life its cross.
There is no soul, however blessed,
Sin may not toss.

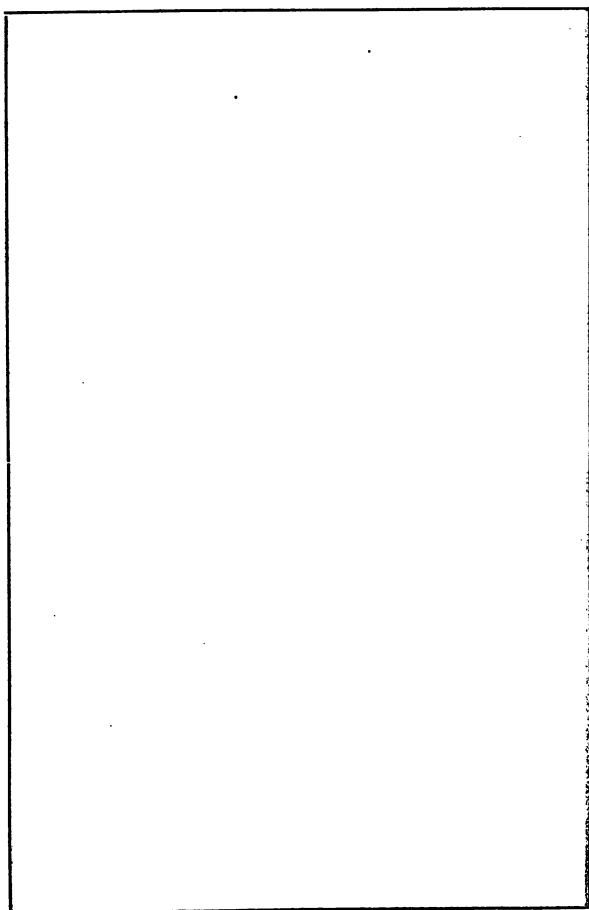
There is no life but has its pain,
Each life its tomb;
The light of weary hearts goes out,
And leaves but gloom.

In Lent I prayed for you this prayer—
“May all thy loss

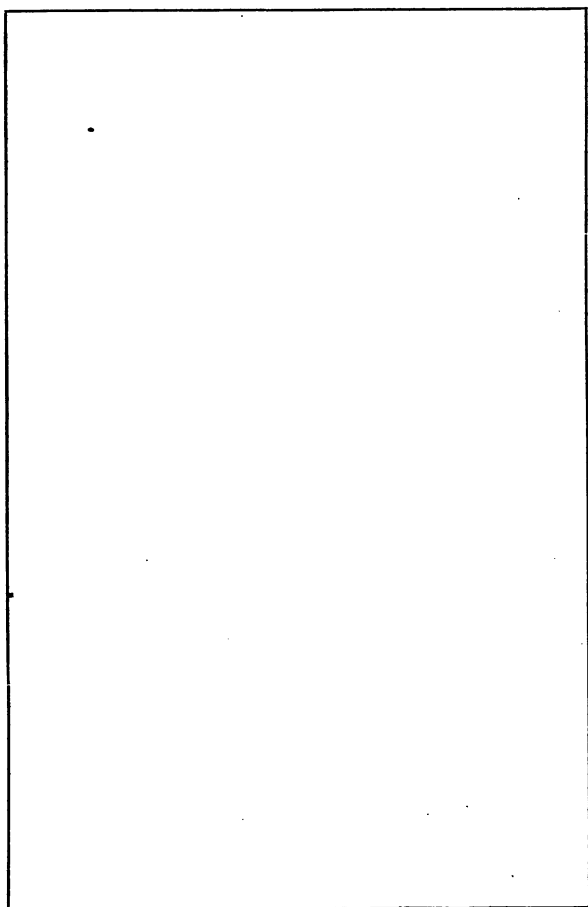
Lead thee but nearer to
The stained Cross."

But at the end of Lenten gloom
Comes Easter morn;
The Cross is bare, the grave unlocked,
Sweet peace is born.





In the Cathedral.



~The Kyrie.~

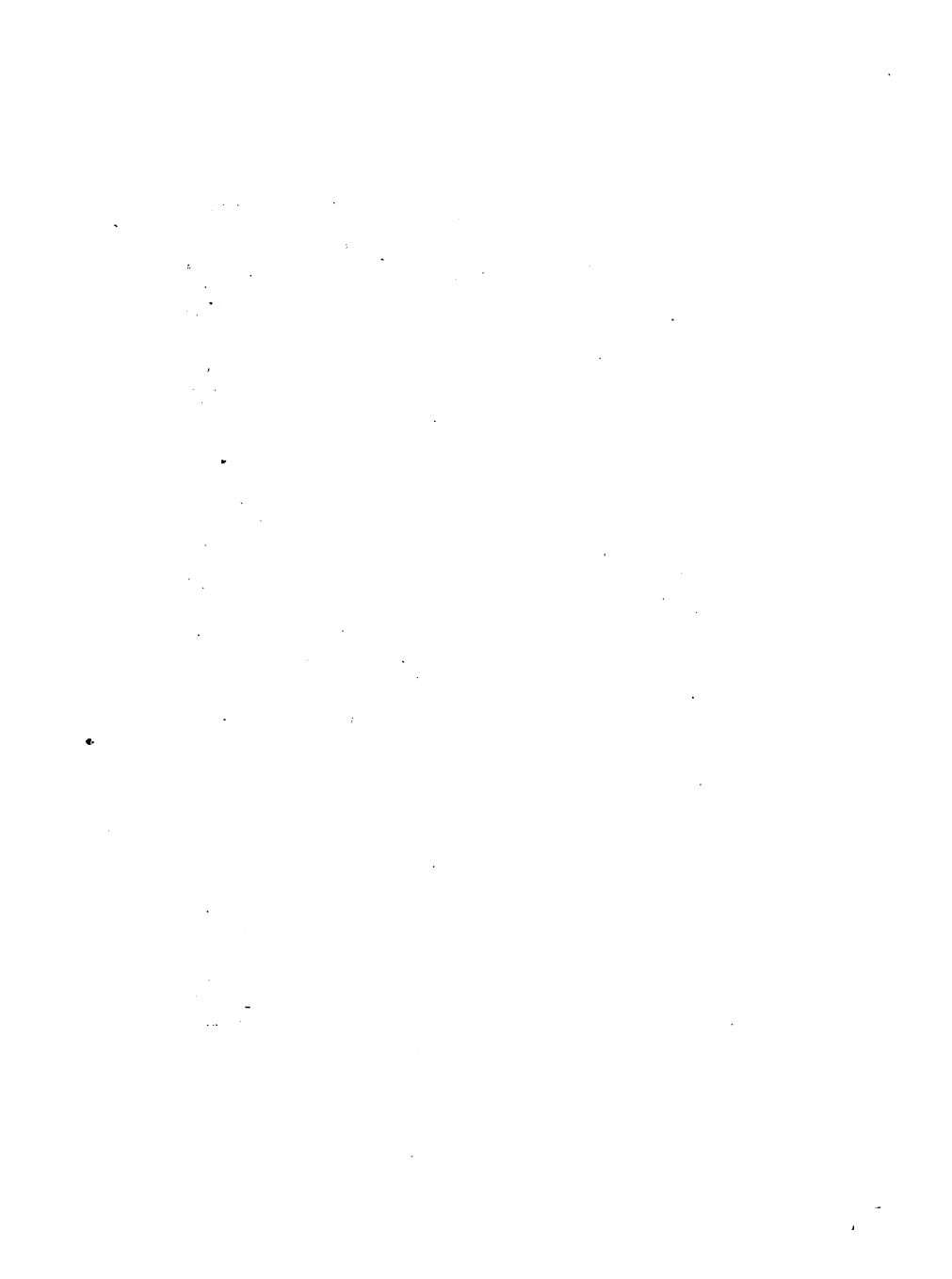
Slowly in the chancel marching,
Censers swinging, tapers gleaming,
Come the white-robed altar servers,
Followed by dalmaticked deacons,
Followed by the priests in vestments.
Lo! they pause before the Altar,
Knees are bent before Christ's earthly
Throne on which He waits for worship,
Waits for man's true adoration,
Waits to bless him, waits to give him
Consolation, peace of Heaven.

Softly from the lofty choir
Down come stealing plaintive voices
Pleading, "Mercy, Lord, have mercy,

Christ, have mercy; Lord, have mercy;"

While the priest before the Altar
Pleads in lowly tones forgiveness
For the sins of priest and people;
Throbbing hearts are also praying
To the strains the choir is singing,
With the words the priest is praying;
"Lord, have mercy; Lord, have mercy;
Loose us, let our sins flee from us!"

Each heart for its own sin pleading,
O'er the whole, the wild cry stealing
Of the choir in tones of minor
Singing in the old Greek language,
With the words which now for ages
In the Christian Church has opened
Mass, the sacrifice of Jesus,
Each heart beats with silent sadness,





In the Cathedral.



And as dies the last faint cadence.
And the echoes leave the arches,
Silence falls upon the people.

Silence for a single instant,
Then the celebrant upraising
Voice in joyful adoration,
Sings the carol of the angels,
Sings the songs of Saints and Martyrs,
"Gloria in excelsis Deo."

~The Gospel.~

Near the credence there's a movement,
Priests and servers, silent, grouping;
Then the march across the chancel,
Brilliant, solemn, sacred pageant,
Led by thurifers in scarlet;
Swinging censers filled with incense,
Sending upwards clouds of perfume,
Which, about the Altar circling,
Catch the rays of sunlight falling
From the richly colored windows
High up in the chancel arches.
Pause they at the northern corner
Of the Altar, where the deacon
Rev'rently intones the gospel;
And the worshippers, all standing,
Make the sign of faith upon them;

On the lips, the breast, the forehead,
As a solemn consecration
Of their intellects for knowing,
Of their lips for truly speaking,
Of their hearts for true believing.
Quietly the group disperses
As the sacred words are ended,
And the celebrant commences
“Credo,” “I believe”—the symbol
Of the Christian faith for ages.
In its circle is the substance
Of the faith once taught by Jesus,
Which His Church has kept unchanged
Since the apostles of Judea
Heard it from their heavenly Teacher;
And for ages it's been ringing,
Daily ringing, without ceasing,

Following 'round the earth the sunlight
As it falls in early morning,
Till the whole round world is girded
With the "I believe" of Christians
In the same words, in the language
It was sung in Roman caverns
By the infant Church's martyrs:
I believe in God the Father,
Jesus, Son of God, from whom came
Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier.

"Incarnatus est," the choir
Sings in strains of tender sweetness,
And the people, kneeling, worship
God the Son, for us incarnate;
While the singers, oft repeating,
Dwell upon the theme so glorious,
"Incarnatus, incarnatus,

Homo factus est," the singers
Always chosen from the women;
For as through her came man's sinning,
So the church has always granted
That she sing the birth of Jesus—
And her part in man's redemption.

"I believe," again confessing
Faith in Christ, and in His body,
Holy Church, the creed continues,
"Holy Catholic, Apostolic;
In one washing for remission
Of the sins of her own children;
And a glorious resurrection
And a life with God in heaven."

~The Sanctus.~

Quietly the priests and servers
Gather at their proper stations,
While the celebrant devoutly
Reads the prayers of intercession
Prefacing the Consecration,
And, low bowing towards the Altar,
Kneel the people, while the "Sanctus,"
Thrice sung glories to the Godhead,
Fills the church with strains of sweetness
Chastened to the sad occasion;
Seraphim the song uplifting
Bear it from the earthly Altar
To the Altar in the heavens,
Where the Son is ever pleading.
As hosannas, oft repeated,
Die away, and silence follows,

Low, with reverent voice, the Canon
Of the Mass is whispered, while the
Mystic sign, the Christian emblem,
Marks and marks again the wafer
And the red wine in the Chalice.

Silence, death-like silence, reigns now,
For the death of God is symbolized.
And for us the Crucifixion,
With its sadness—and its glories—
Pleads for us as man could never
Plead with God for our forgiveness.
Silence reigns, and from the people,
Kneeling lowly, whispering Aves,
Comes no tremor, comes no rustle,
To disturb the holy silence
Brooding o'er the tomb of Jesus.

Save half-stifled sobs of anguish
Which the weary laden cannot
Longer hold within their bosoms,
As they see their Savior hanging
On the cruel cross, derided;
See Him for their own sins dying;
Save the heart sobs of the weary,
Not a sound disturbs the stillness.
Monster organ pipes are silent,
Singers kneel and gaze awe-stricken
Towards the altar where the solemn
Death scene of the great world's Savior,
Sadly, solemnly is shown forth.

Hush! the Savior is approaching;
Hear His footsteps drawing nearer;
Angels fill the cloudy chancel:

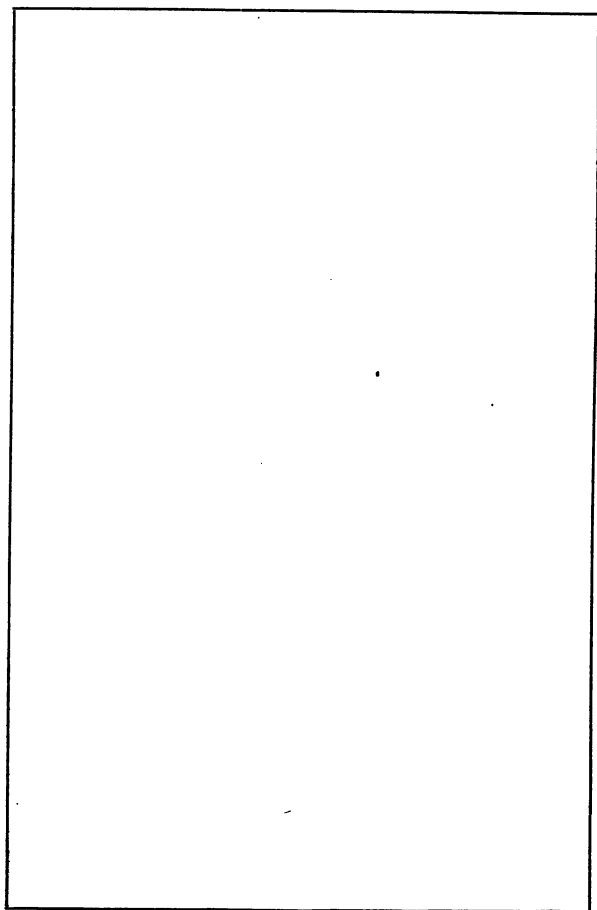
In the curling smoke of censers,
Angels kneel and veil their faces,
As the Son of man draws nigh them.

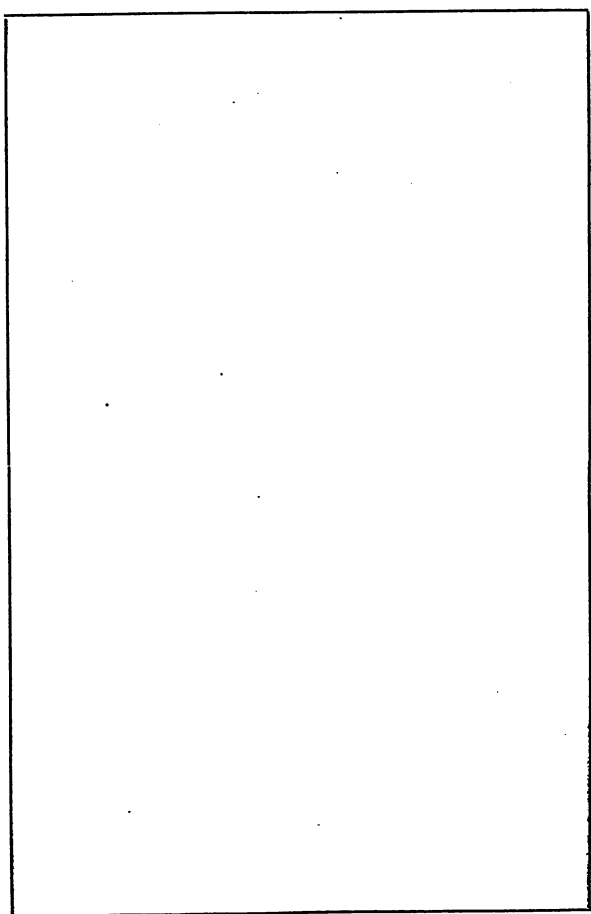
Hark! a deep-toned bell resounding
Breaks the awful, painful stillness.
Christ is come: His throne, the Altar!
On their knees both priest and people
Prostrate low in adoration.
Loud the great pipes of the organ
Swell forth notes of joy triumphant.
Hallelujahs fill the arches,
And in one united chorus,
Jesus Christ, the conquering Savior,
On His earthly throne is greeted
With the songs and adorations,
With the praise of men and Angels,
In hosannas oft repeated.

Softly then the music changes
From triumphant into pleading
And the Agnus Dei follows
With its "dona nobis pacem,"
Plaintive cry of man to heaven
For the peace God only giveth.

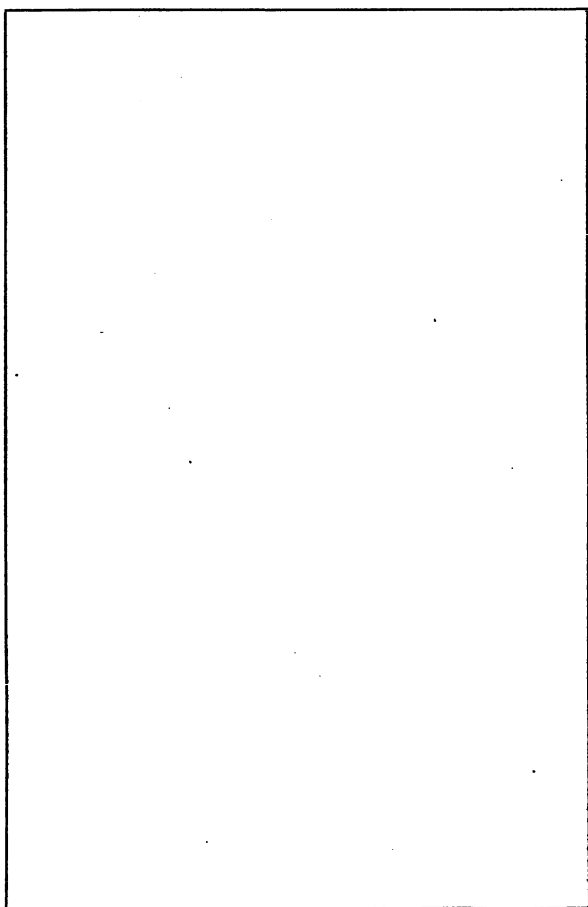
* * * * *

Mass is ended, priests departed,
And the church is left in silence.
Near the Altar burns a red light,
Token that the Holy Presence
Still abides for peace and blessing.
And around it angels, kneeling
Guard their Lord's most sacred Body.
Every Altar where the Host is,
Doubly guarded is by Angels.





**When We Heard Stabat
Mater.**



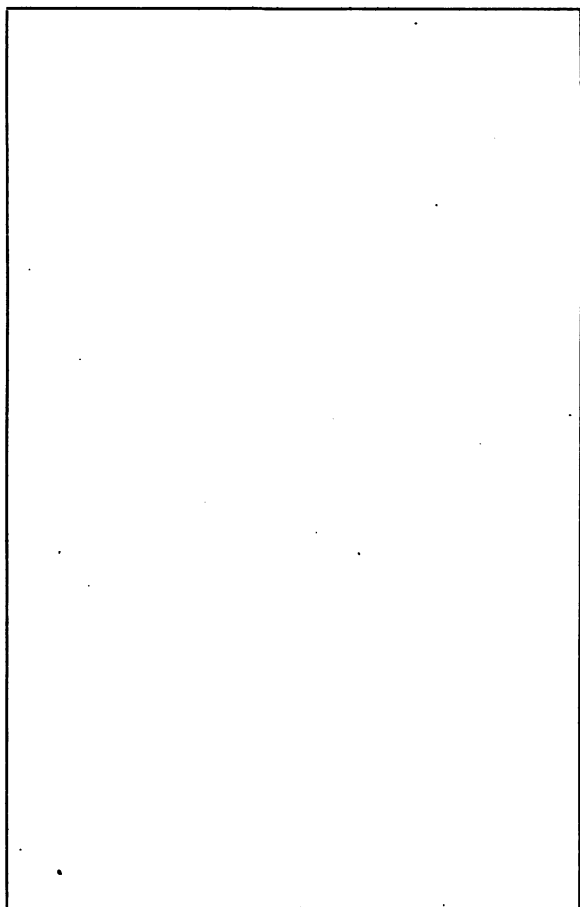
The great church, with its high-arched nave
Its altars, and its sculptored saints,
Was thronged with people on the night
That we heard Stabat Mater.

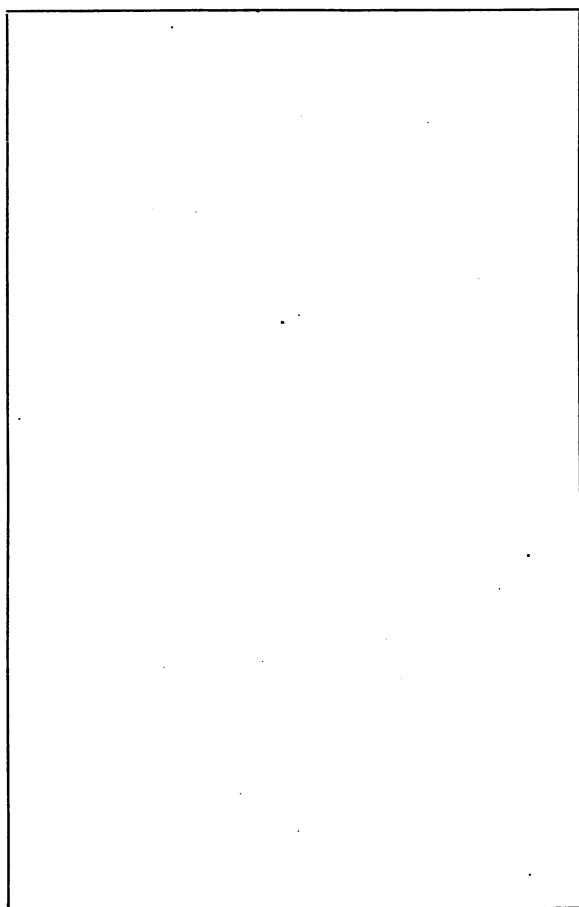
The sacred Host had been removed,
And we, within the chancel rail,
Beneath the shadow of a shrine,
Awed into silence, sat that night.

A soft prelude; and then the song
Of that sad mother 'neath the cross
Of her dear Son, who died for man,
Came floating downward unto us;

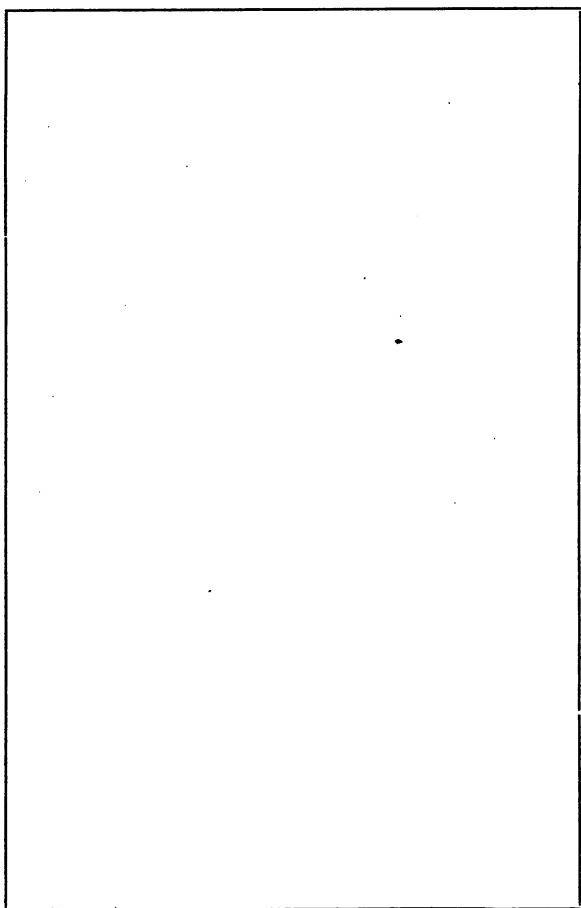
Like Mary's broken hearted cry,
As tender woman's voice was heard;
Now like the sobbing of the world,
As full bass chorus filled the church.

Each word repeated in that hymn
First sung long centuries ago,
Until it beat into our hearts,
And we could see that awful Cross,
The mother kneeling at its foot.
Around us, grouped in various shrines,
Were ghostlike marble forms of saints,
Which calmly looked upon the scene,
As if content because they heard
The weeping Mother's ancient hymn.
As long as life may last, that scene,
That throng of people, shrine and saints,
The melodies, the choruses,
Can never be forgotten quite.
For happiest memories e'er will cling
Around that night, so sad but dear,
When we heard Stabat Mater,





**The Vesper Hymn of the
Nuns.**



50

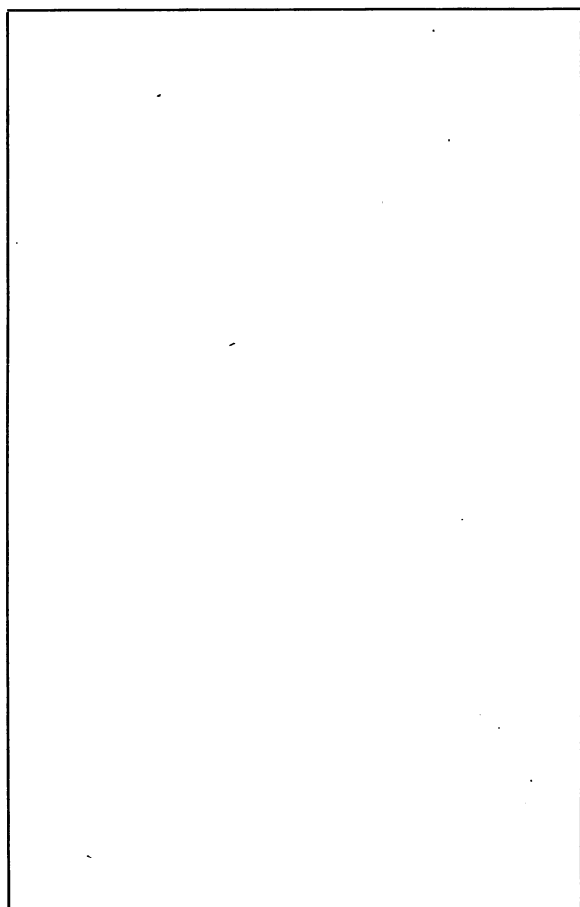
Just outside the convent portal,
With a glimpse of chapel dim,
Where the black robed nuns were kneeling
For their daily Vesper hymn,

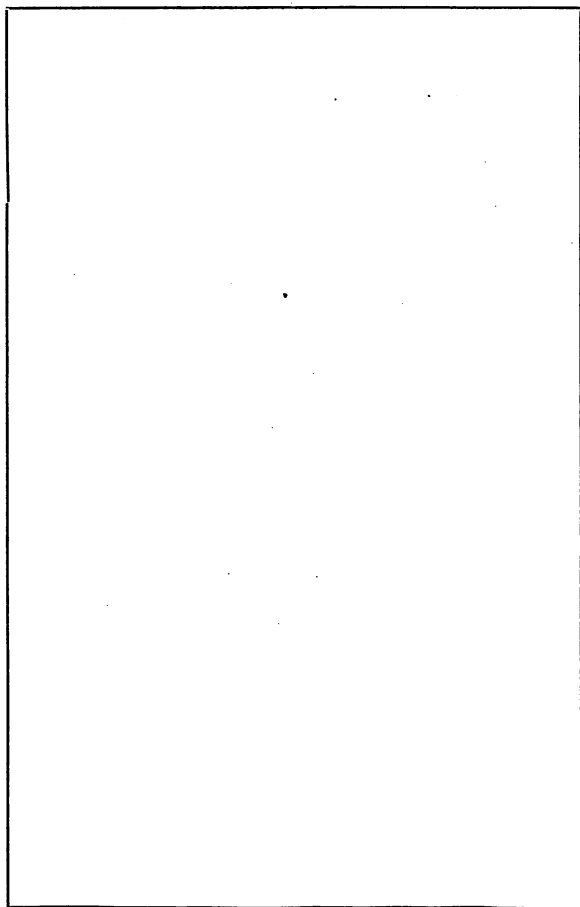
We two paused upon the threshold,
Listening to the voices sweet;
Pure ones to the Virgin singing
Songs with purity replete.

Yet without the convent, standing
By my side, was one as pure
As the sisters chanting sweetly
Of the joys which saints allure.

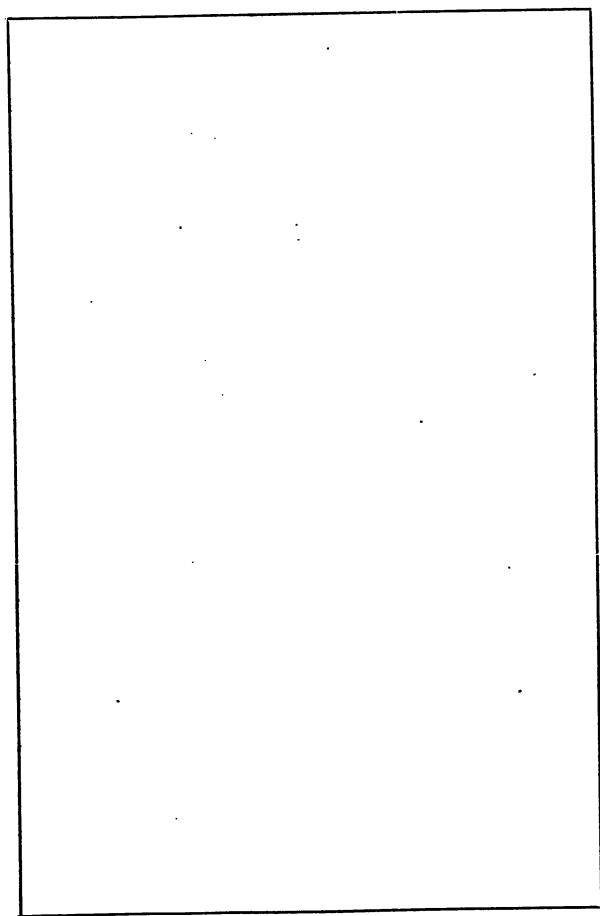
Sweet and pure as was the music
Of the sisters' evening song;
Purer, sweeter was the singing
In her heart that knew no wrong.

And each day, I find most sacred
Vesper song that e'er could be,
In the beating of her pure heart—
Sweetest of all songs to me!



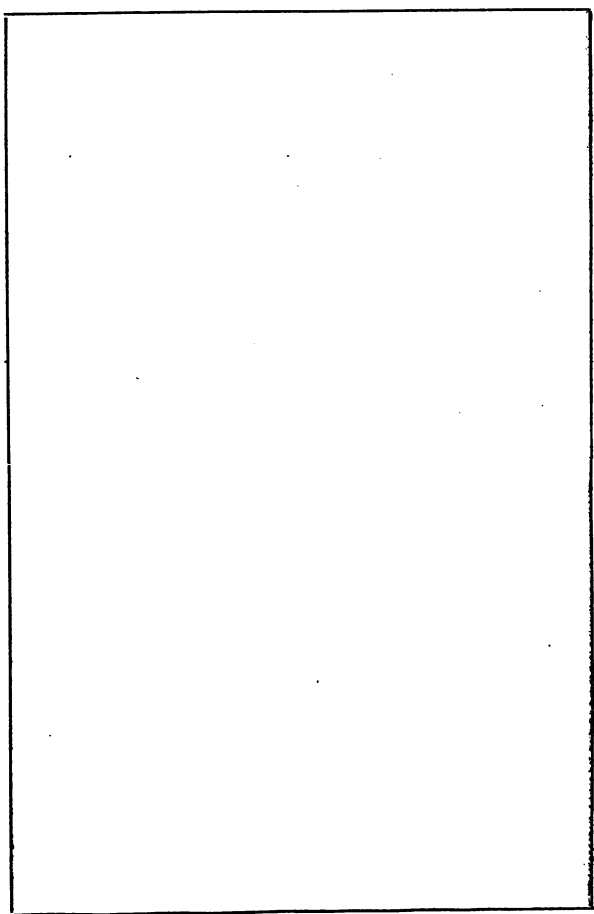


Qui Vive.

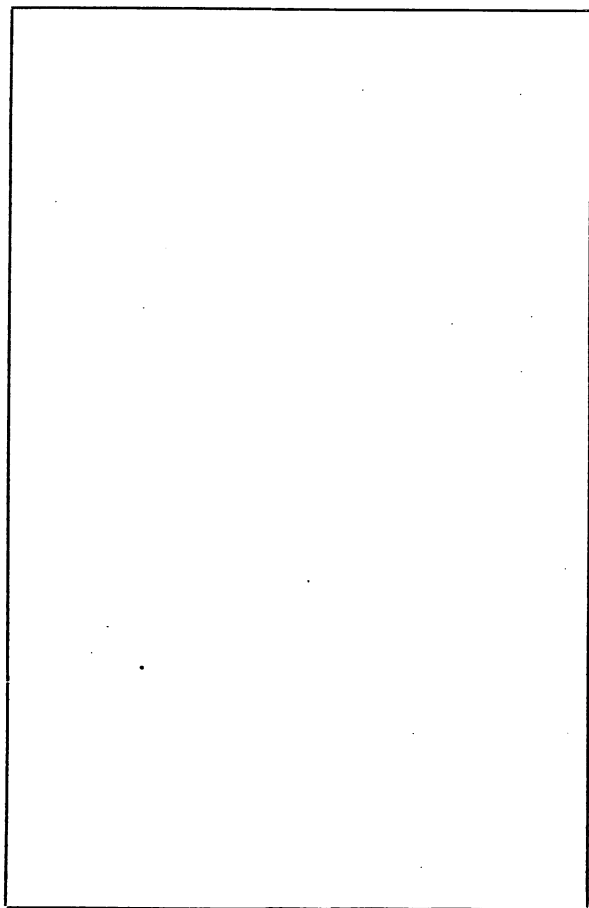


By day and night the sentinel
Treads to and fro the picket line
To guard the bivouacked men.
And at the slightest sound of steps,
"Qui vive?" the challenge sharply rings.
Ah, well, if then the answer come,
"A friend," and whispered countersign
Is followed by, "A friend. Pass on."

The heart behind its picket lines
Oft hears its sentry's challenge ring,
"Qui vive?" as strangers pass; and waits
Half hoping, half in fear, that this
May prove the looked-for, unknown one
With countersign to pass the guards.
And so we tremble, yet half hope
To hear the cry, "A friend, pass on."



A Dream of Solitude.



A dream of solitude!

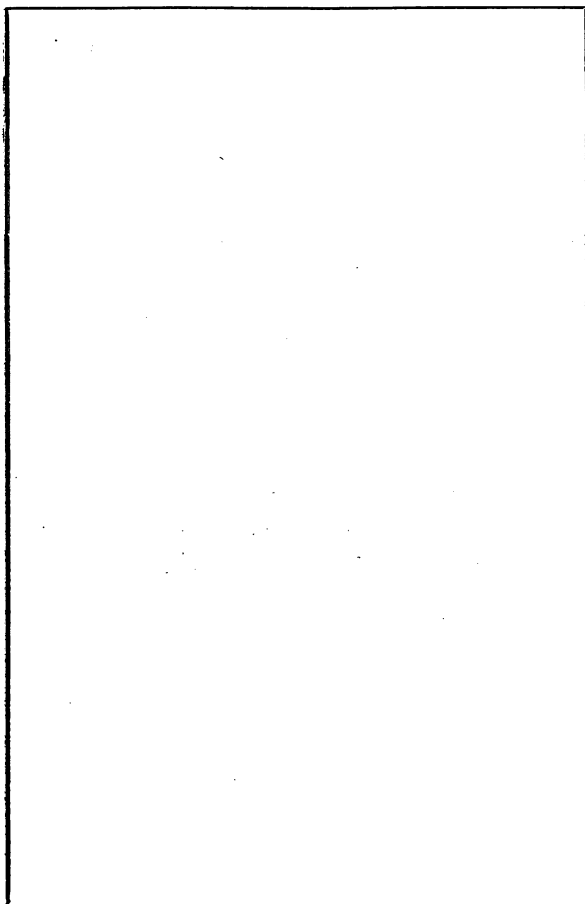
A great wide sea,
With restless waves beneath a far-off sky!
But sea and sky! No ship, no land, no voice,
Not e'en a stormy petrel's plaintive cry.

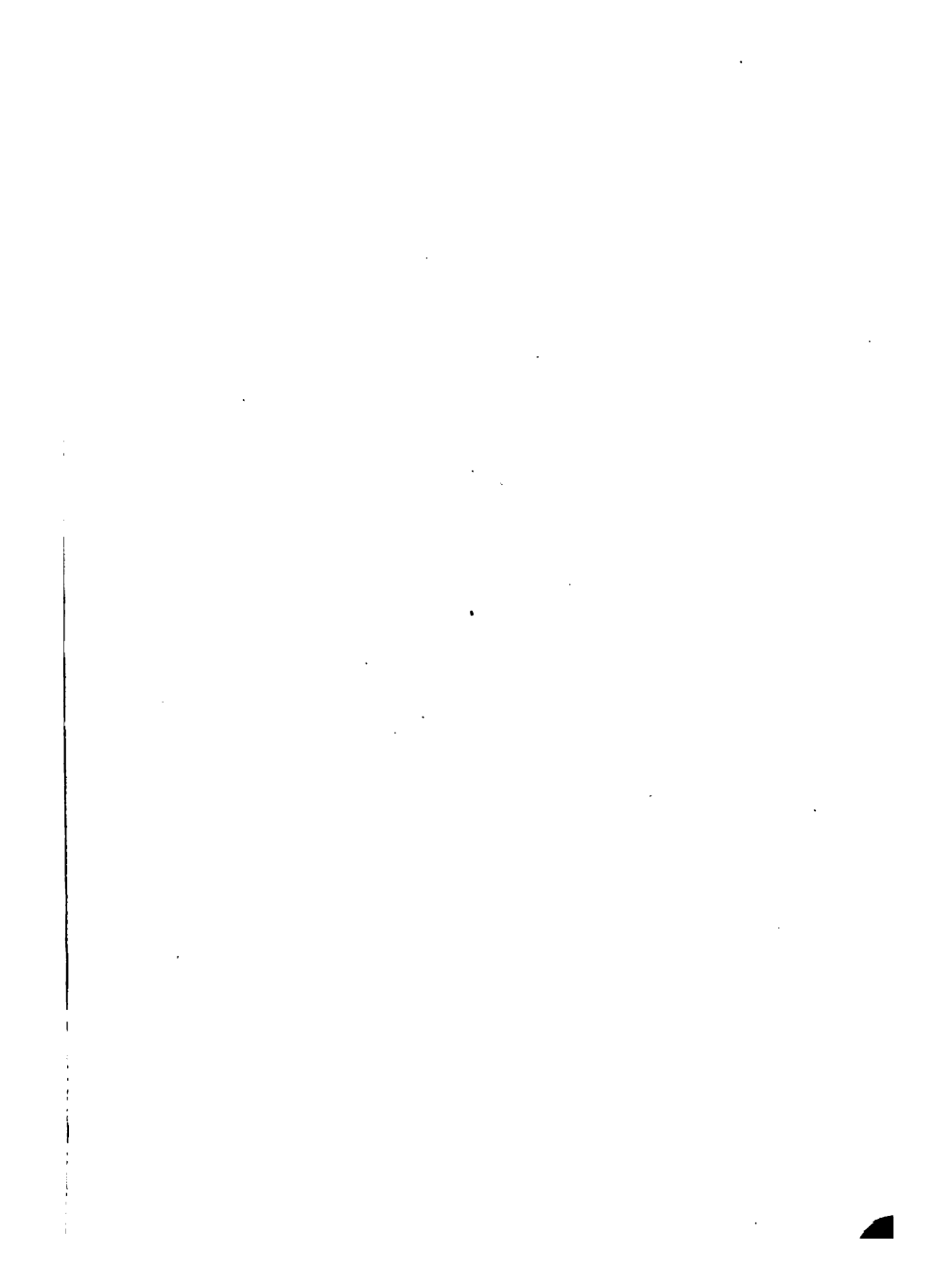
A dream of solitude!

A city great!
I walk amid a crowd of men unknown.
The world is full of voices, yet not one
Doth call my name. A crowd! And yet alone!

A dream of solitude!

Where men clasp hands
In seeming friendship, yet with hearts unstirred,
While the one hand I love is ne'er reached out
To touch my own. The voice best loved
ne'er heard.

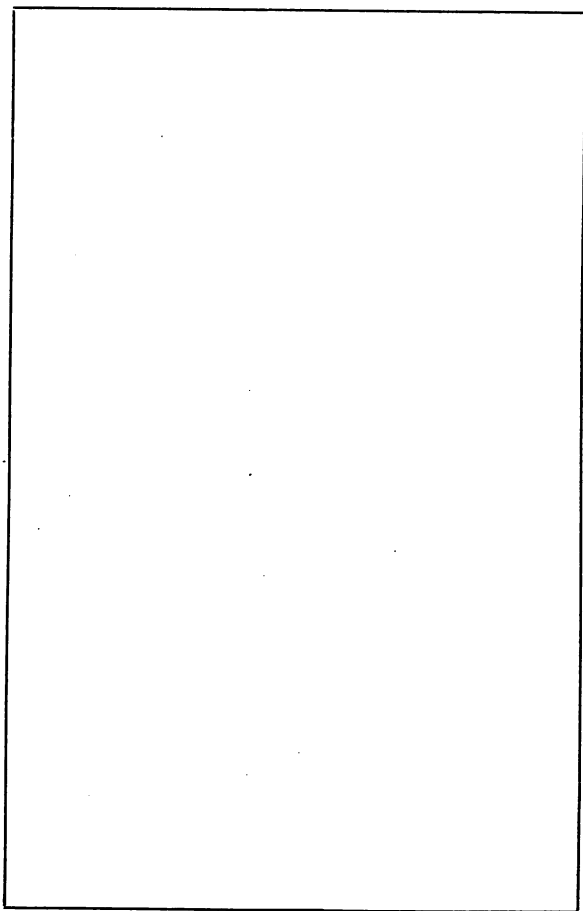






Within Was Silent Peace.

The Deposed Priest.



At close of day I wandered to this church,
Whose crosses high tower upward towards
the sky.

Within is silent peace. On each side hang
The prints which show to faithful ones the
marks

Of Jesus' feet to Calvary. And here
And there, beside a dusky column, stands
An image, which, upon the walls, or o'er
The pews, its deeper shadow casts. So dark
Is it that angels in the stained glass
Have disappeared beneath the great world's
night.

'Tis evening darkness, when one loves to pray,
And, far above, the long-ribbed arches bind
The holy stillness in. Away beyond,
The same still darkness holds the chancel
deep.

A lonely place! And yet the red light clear
Which hangs, star like, beneath the altar arch,
Gives token of a Presence with which none
Can lonely be.

And I a priest, yet not
A priest, 'neath cover of the dusk slip in
To gaze upon that gentle light, and kneel
Before that altar at which, years ago,
I stood with unbound priestly powers—God's
priest,
To elevate the Body of my Lord
For men to kneel and venerate.

The power
Is with me still, for I, deposed, am still
A priest. But use it—that I may not now.
And so, when all the church is dim at eve,
I slip in at the open door to kneel

Where once I stood!

The darkness deepens. None
Will see me now. The dust upon the floor
Is fitting token of my humbleness.

The priest before his God! The priest de-
posed!

Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison! Will

He hear? O Jesus! loose these bands which
bind,

And grant that, once before I die, some act
As priest I be allowed to do. For priest,
In Thy sight, know I that I am, tho' man
And Church have laid their ban upon me.

Hark!

What sound is that? Another suppliant?
The door was opened while I prayed, and one,
A poor, decrepit beggar, has come in.

He falls beside me, and he says, "Father,
The priest is gone, and I am near to death.
Oh, shrive me of my sin."

The priest is gone,
The man will soon be dead, and is his soul,
All stained with sin, unfit to meet its God?

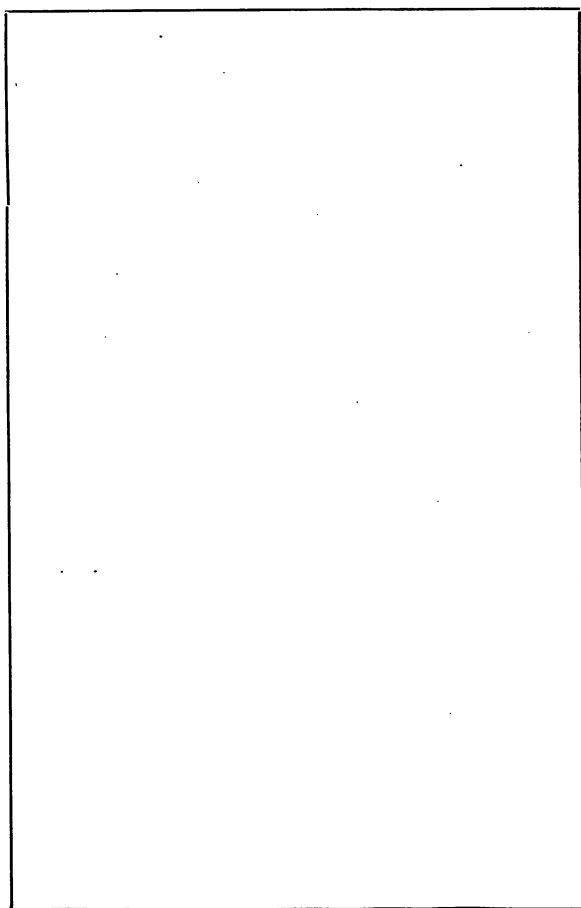
Is not mine own?

I must not think of that.
Shall this soul pass away without the peace
Which only Holy Church can give? No! No!
"Here, rest thy head upon my arm and tell
Thy grief, O lonely man, for I am poor
And lonely too. Yet I can help thee. Tell
Me all that burdens thy poor heart, and I
Will help thee."

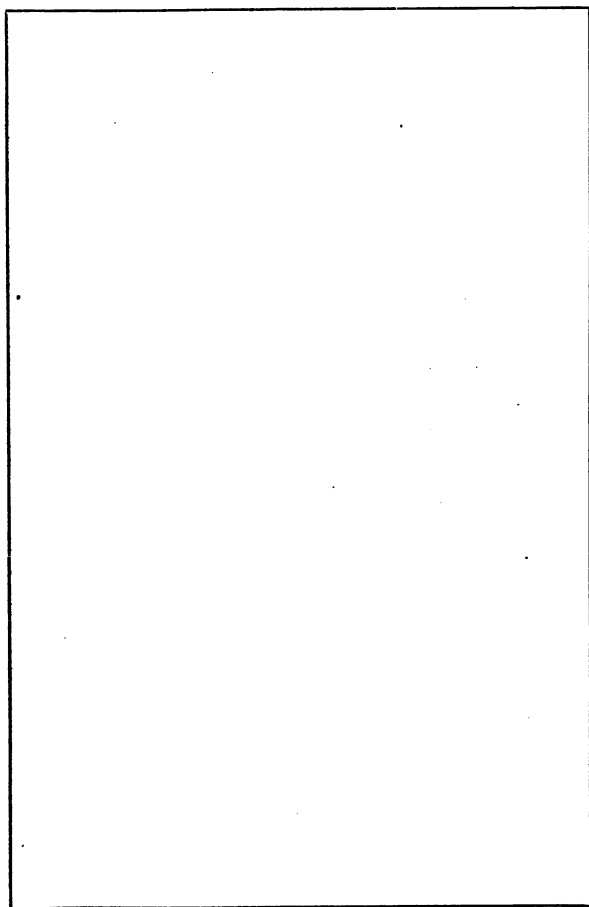
Prone upon the dusty floor,
Beneath the clear red light, he lay, and told

His tale of sin and sorrow, and when done,
I rose and gave him absolution, and
He died.

What was my prayer? To die a priest!
I am a priest, and God has given me what
I sought. "*Christe eleison, eleison, Chris*"—
When morning came two corpses lay within
The chancel gate. The one, the beggar; and
Beside him lay the priest—a priest deposed!
But God had heard his prayer.



The Three Voices.



"I will not die." A feeble voice comes forth—
Scarce heard amid the rumbling of the wheels
Of time—forth from a tenement of clay.
Weak man protesting 'gainst the giant Death!

"But thou shalt die," rolls in the mighty
wave

Of voices which like ours have cried for life;
Of voices from the other world beyond,
The deep cry of the past eternity.

"The fate that comes to all must come to
thee,

And thou shalt die. * * * *

All nature dies, and e'en
The angels 'round God's throne may die—a
death

Not like to thine, the sev'ring of a soul

From earthly prison whence it flees with joy —
But death eternal, sev'rance from their God.
And, thou, O man: thou, too, must die."

"O death, I fear thee," comes again the
voice

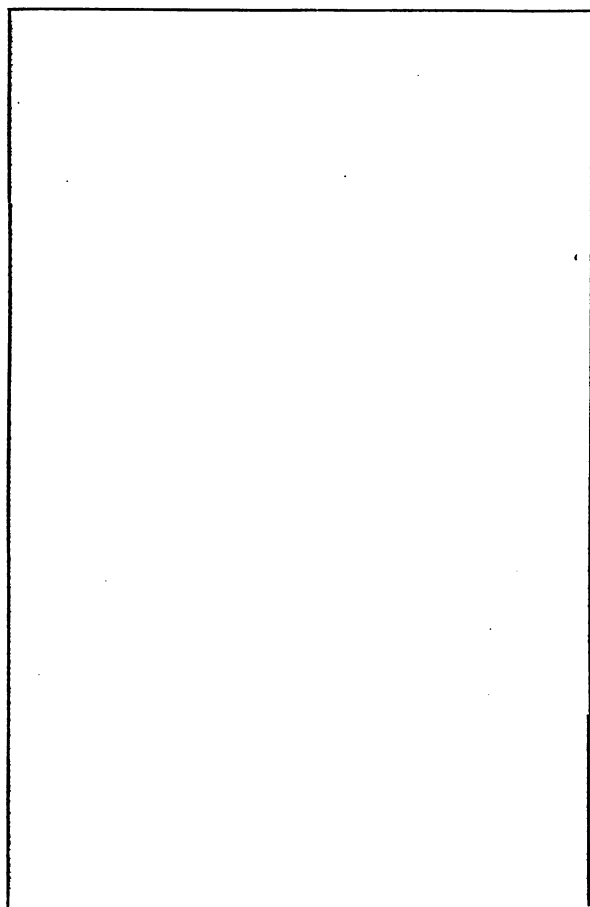
Of feeble man, in trembling tones.

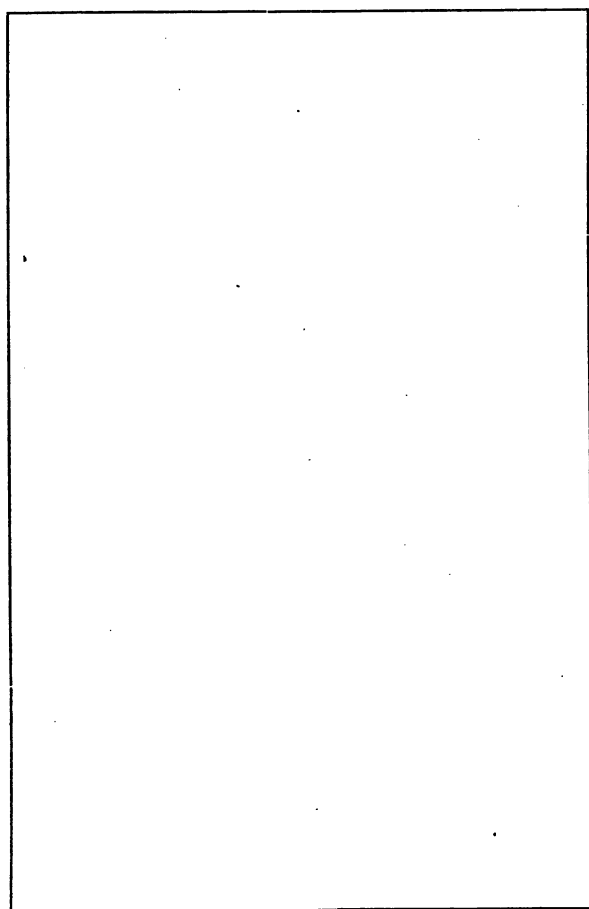
And then

A Voice is heard re-echoing down the years,
Voice full of sweetness, like soft music on
The evening air. "The resurrection and
The life am I."

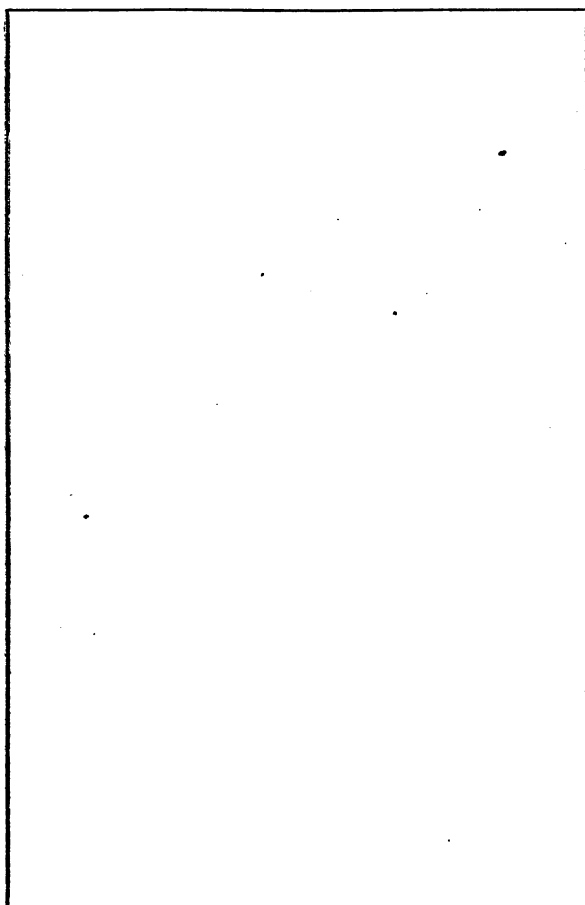
O, death, where is thy sting?

O, grave, where is thy vict'ry? Man shall live!





A Daughter of Canaan.



The plains of Canaan ne'er saw sun as mild
Nor verdure green as when a Canaan mother
clasped

Her daughter, first born, to her heart and
thanked

The gods that so much earthly bliss was hers.

But as the days passed into weeks, the weeks
To months, and months to years, the mother
saw

Her only child, her daughter well beloved,
Was not like other children, but, as in
Those early days of childlike faith and trust,
They said was vexed by a devil sore.

Long sorrowed this poor mother, till she heard
That to the Jews, her neighbors, Christ had
come.

Then said she to herself, "If he is *God*,
I am his child as well as favored Jew,
And unto Him I'll plead for my dear child."

The Christ was coming to their coast. The
news
Was heralded through all the land, and she,
Poor mother, wrapped up in her child, went
forth
To meet the Master and implore His help.

She saw the crowd, the holy twelve, and One,
Who humble and most meek appeared. Not
like
The God she dreamed of. But in her sore
grief
She called to Him, by that name known to all,

‘O Son of David, hear me, mercy give,
Grant me Thy help, although I am not one
Of Thine own people, but I plead, if Thou
Art God, Thou art the God of Caanan as
Thou art of all the world. Have mercy,
Lord.”

But that calm Man walked calmly on as if
He heard her not. Again she cried, and then
Those twelve plucked at His robe and said,

“Dost see?

This woman crieth after us; send her
Away, if Thou canst not give her relief.”

For they knew not that he was come to all
The world, as well as them. Then Jesus
turned

And said: “But to the lost sheep of the house

Of Israel am I sent." He paused, and she,
In growing confidence, drew near and knelt
Beside Him, and His garment raised unto
Her lips.

"Lord, help me!"

Were the only words
Her lips could utter. But He answered her,
"It is not meet to take the children's bread
And cast it unto dogs."

Harsh words were these
To come from loving Son of God to one
Whose heart was crushed with sorrow's heavy
load.

A dog! Because not of the chosen race,
No hope is there from God for her. But she,
With calm persistence of a mother's love,
Still knelt and answered:

"Yea, Lord, true!

Yet even dogs do eat the crumbs that fall
From off their master's table,"

Not a word

In self-defense. The mother's heart was rent
With anguish for her suffering child. A crumb
Was all she asked; a fragment of the food
The God-Man had.

The Perfect One looked down
Upon the kneeling woman, and His heart
Was touched by faith like this.

"O woman, great

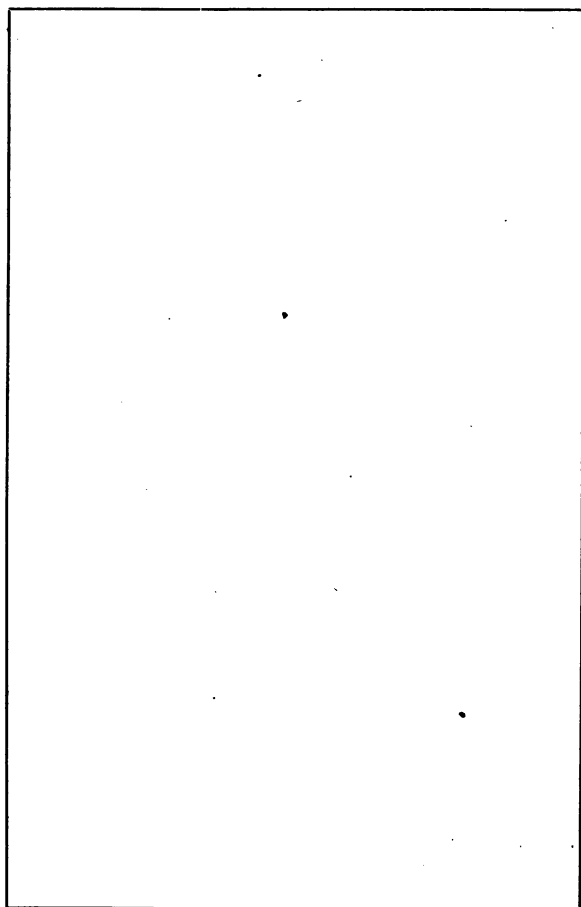
Thy faith is! be it as thou wilt."

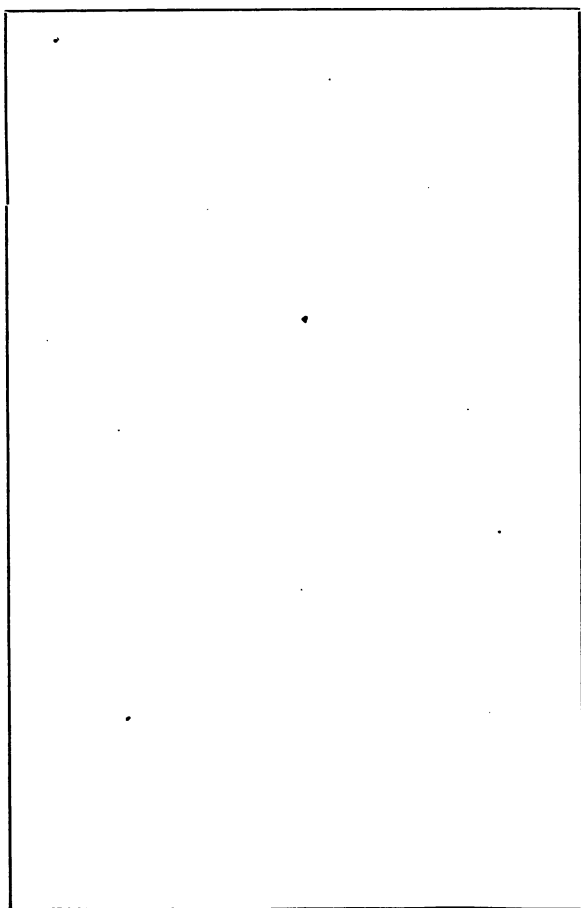
She rose,

And with no shadow of a doubt, passed on
Unto her home, and found her daughter
healed

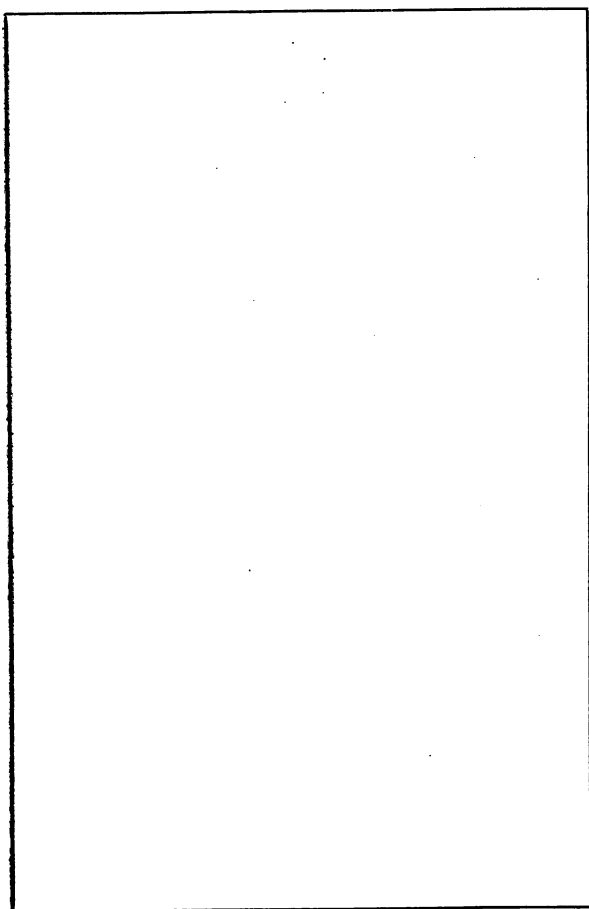
In that same hour.

O, weary, sinning ones,
Whose hearts are crushed by sorrows heavy
load!
If you could kneel in faith, and beg the
crumbs
From off the Master's table, much of sin
And sorrow from your hearts would flee.





**The Monk and the Mother-
Bird.**



With Lenten ashes on his brow
The holy abbot Kenach passed
Far out through forests deep and wild
Up to the rocky mountain side,
To fast and pray in solitude
The forty days of Lent.

A mother bird had built her nest
Beside the cave in which he dwelt
Upon the lonely mountain side.
One night a fierce storm raged around.
The abbot in his tender heart
Bethought him of the fragile nest,
The storm about the mother bird.

"Look out, my son, into the night,"
Unto his novice spake the monk,
"See how the little mother fares."

The novice looked and cried, "My lord,
Lord abbot come! Lord abbot come!"

They stood and gazed upon the storm
Which hurled great trees against the rocks,
And rocks rolled down the mountain side.
But in the midst of dark and storm
There shone a brilliant light; for there
An angel stood with outstretched wings
To shield the mother bird from harm.

They stood and gazed till storm had passed,
The angel faded into heaven,
The stars appeared; the night was still.

Next eve a woman with a child
Toiled up the steep unto the cave,
And seeing her the novice cried:
"No woman may approach the place

Where holy abbot Kenach dwells
And keeps the Lenten fast!"

"Nay," said the woman, "we but seek
Protection from the threatened storm."

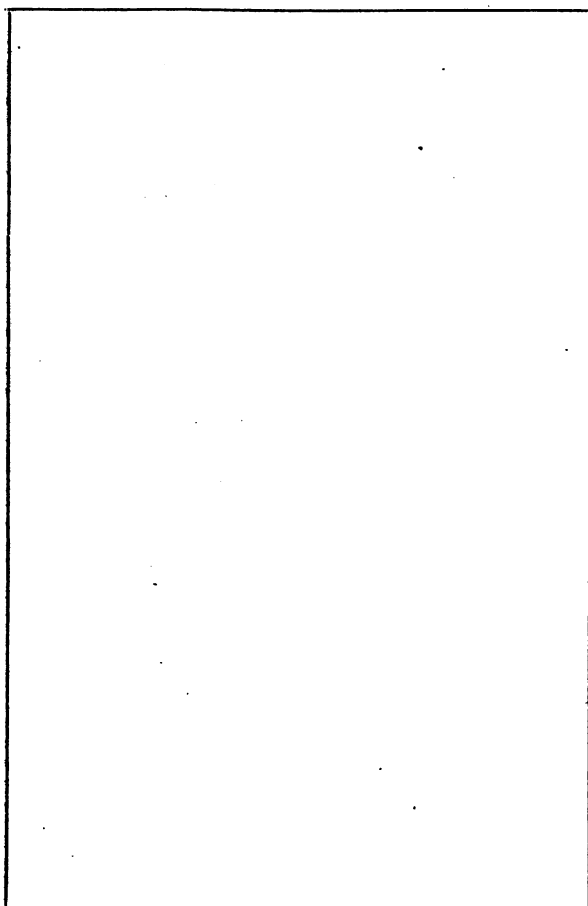
The novice, with uplifted hands,
But answered harsh, "Away, begone!"

"Did not the Lord Christ die for me?
A man betrayed Him with a kiss;
A woman stood beneath His cross.
'Twas man who smote Him with a reed;
A woman wiped His blood stained face;
And in the garden woman knelt
In faith to kiss His feet. 'Twas man
Who thrust his hand into His side.
Shall not His heav'n be open to me?
Yet you would drive me to my death."

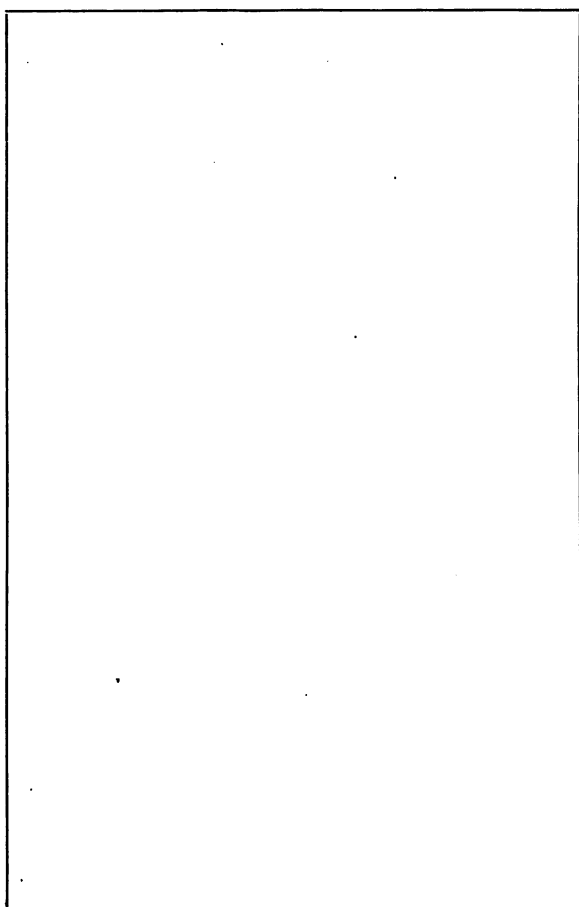
Then Kenach came from out the cave
And blessed the woman, led her in;
Then, turning to the novice, spake:
"The mother bird, an angel saved."

Next morn, the mother and her child
Rose and departed. When she reached
The entrance of the cave, she turned:
"My Son bids me," the mother said,
"Thank you." Both looked up at the words,
And fell upon their faces, for
A heavenly glory shone around
The mother and the child. And in
The left hand of the Infant lay

A golden image of the world,
And with His right He traced a cross,
And blessed the monks and smiled.



The Angels and the Child.



Alone a little maiden dwelt,
An orphan maid, within a hut
Far out upon a lonely road,
Away from other homes. And those
Who passed along that way, at night,
Gave strange reports of what they saw:
Bright lights, too bright for human power,
Shone out from crevices around
The door and window, all night through.
And so they called the maid a witch.

The vicar was the last to hear;
But when the tale came unto him,
He asked the maid of what she did,
Those long nights when the light was seen.

"As soon as 'tis too dark to work,
I fasten tight the door," she said,
"And after supper cover up

The fire upon the hearth, blow out
The rushlight, and creep into bed."

"And do you never say your prayers?"

"I know not any proper prayer,
But say a song my mother taught,"
The maid replied with downcast eyes.

"God bless this house from thatch to floor,
The twelve apostles guard the door,
And four good angels watch my bed,
Two at the feet and two at the head.

AMEN!"

"There could not be a better prayer,
Dear child," the vicar, smiling, said;
"Repeat it every night, and God
Will surely keep you from all harm."

That night the vicar softly stole
From out the village to the house
Upon the moor, where dwelt the maid,
"A lonely place; she but a child!"
He murmured as he walked along.
But when he came anear the hut,
A shock ran through his frame, for there
A bright light streamed from half-closed blinds,
And round the house he saw strange forms.

He hastened on, but as he reached
The gate before the little cot,
He paused in awe, for he discerned
That those about the house were men
In ancient garb. One held a lance;
Another leant upon a staff;
A third, an ax uplifted bore;
Beside a fourth a lion crouched;

An eagle rested near the fifth;
And one, of tall majestic mien,
Held two large keys within his hand.

But as he gazed they disappeared,
And naked sword, in unseen hand.
Was stretched across his path.

“Beware!”

A solemn voice in warning spake;
“It is the light of angels. Look,
And blindness falls upon thee, as
It did on me, when, ages gone,
I traveled the Damascus road.”

“Let me but look!” the vicar cried;
“One glance at angels, then let night
Forever dwell about mine eyes.”

The sword was lowered, and he passed
Up to the shuttered window, where

He stooped and gazed.

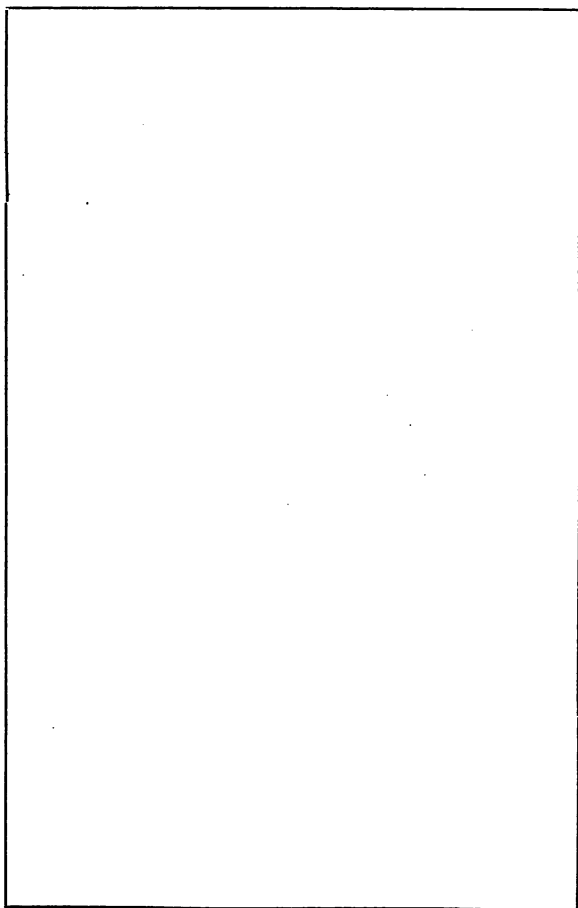
A rude bed there;

A sleeping child; a homely room;

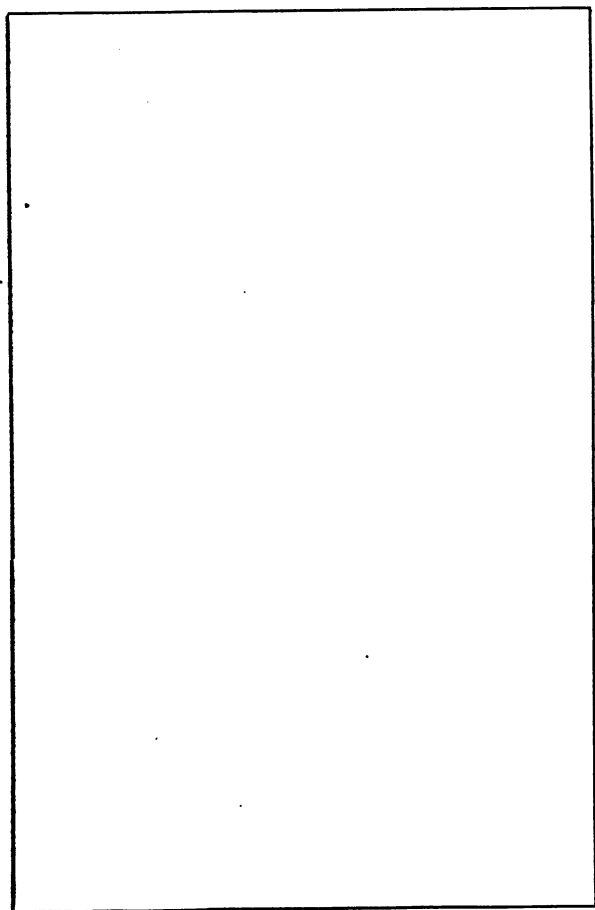
But at each corner of the bed

An angel stood, with outstretched wings,

To guard the sleeping maid from harm.

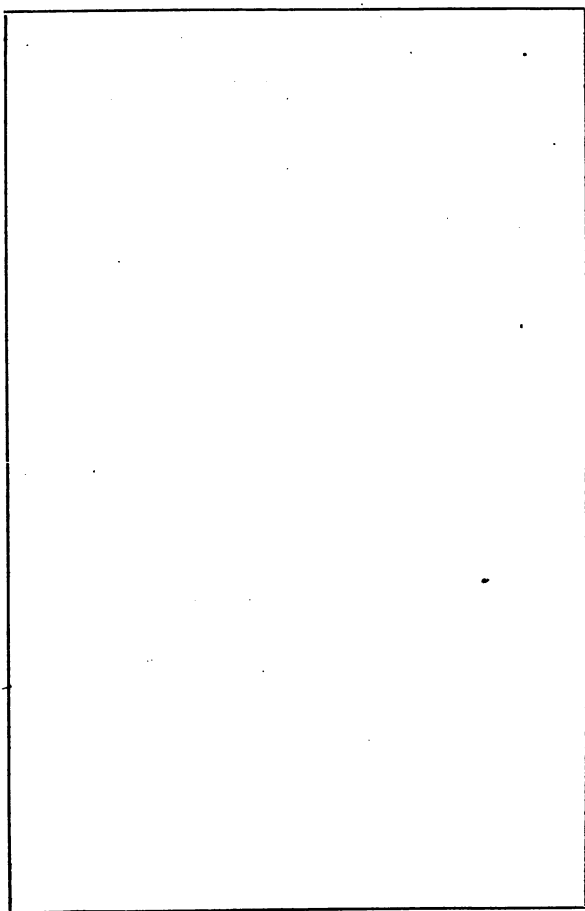


An Old Cradle-Hymn.



"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Sleepily the baby said.
Nearer yet the blue eyes close—
Lower sinks the curly head.

"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Angels hover in the air.
No such sleep as that where God
Keeps the soul within His care.



1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

3. The third part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

6. The sixth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

7. The seventh part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

8. The eighth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

9. The ninth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

10. The tenth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

11. The eleventh part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

12. The twelfth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

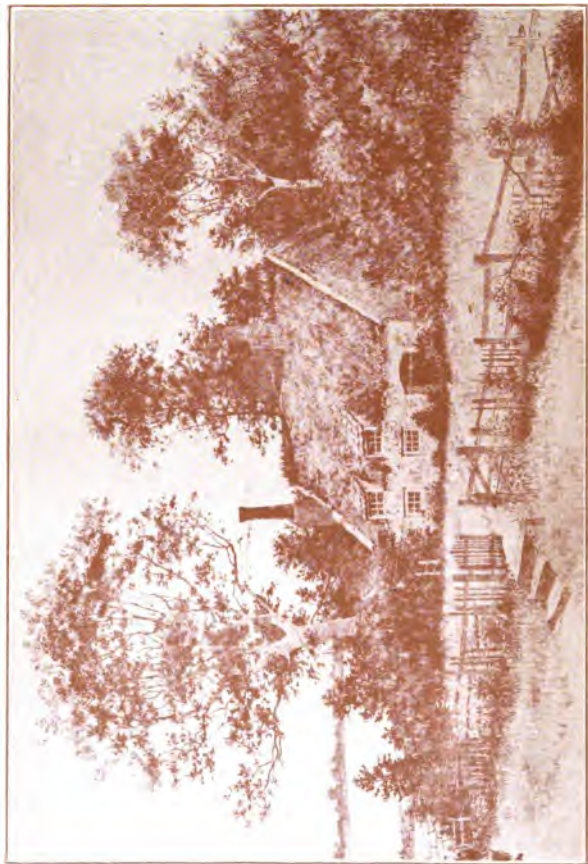
13. The thirteenth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

14. The fourteenth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

15. The fifteenth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

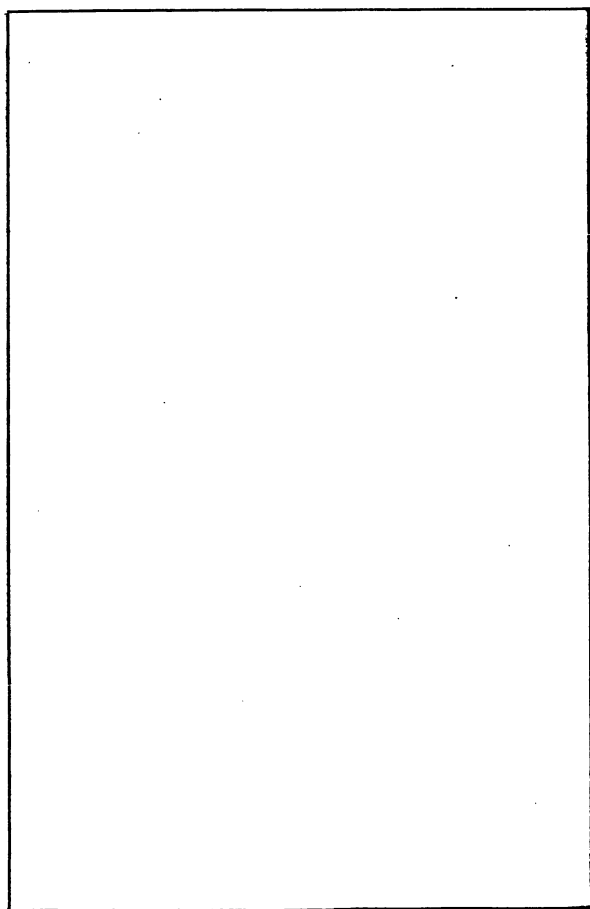
16. The sixteenth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

17. The seventeenth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.



A Low Roofed House.

**The Children Are Coming
Home.**



At the door of a vine-clad, low-roofed house,
In the midst of an orchard full of bloom,
A mother stands, at the close of day,
And murmurs, "The children are coming
home."

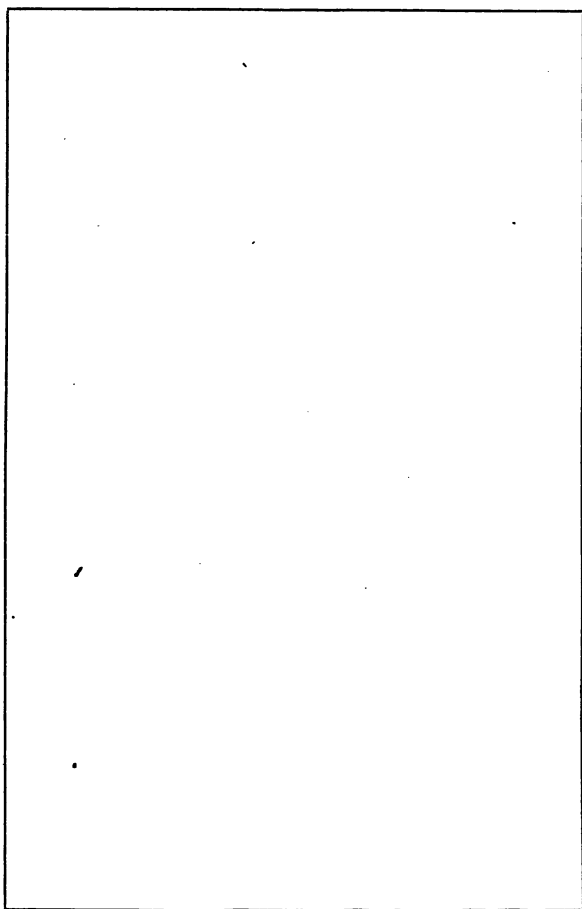
And as she lingers with motherly love,
To hear the babble of voices dear,
Borne on the breeze from down the road,
A merry troupe from school draws near.

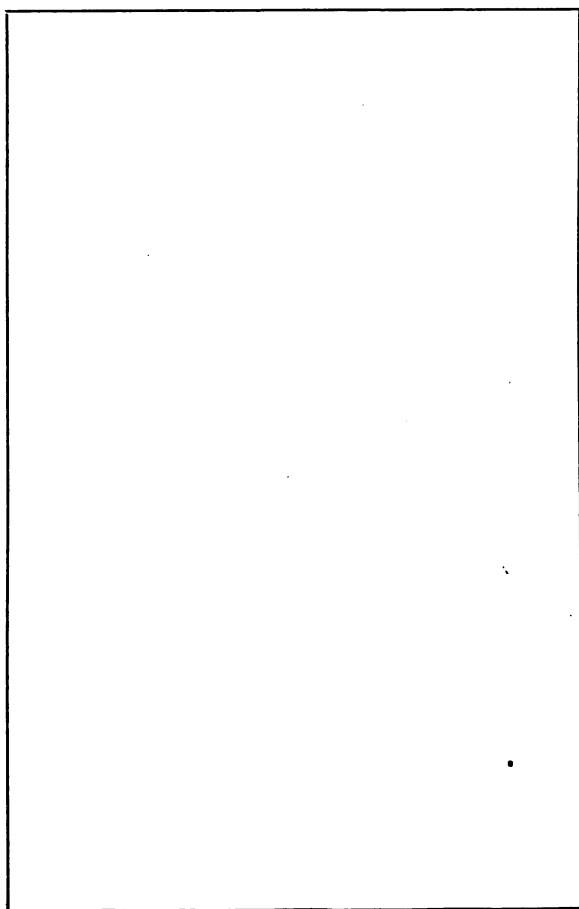
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A mother stands in the open door,
A mother whose heart will forever yearn
For the children who left her long ago—
The boys and the girls who will never re-
turn.

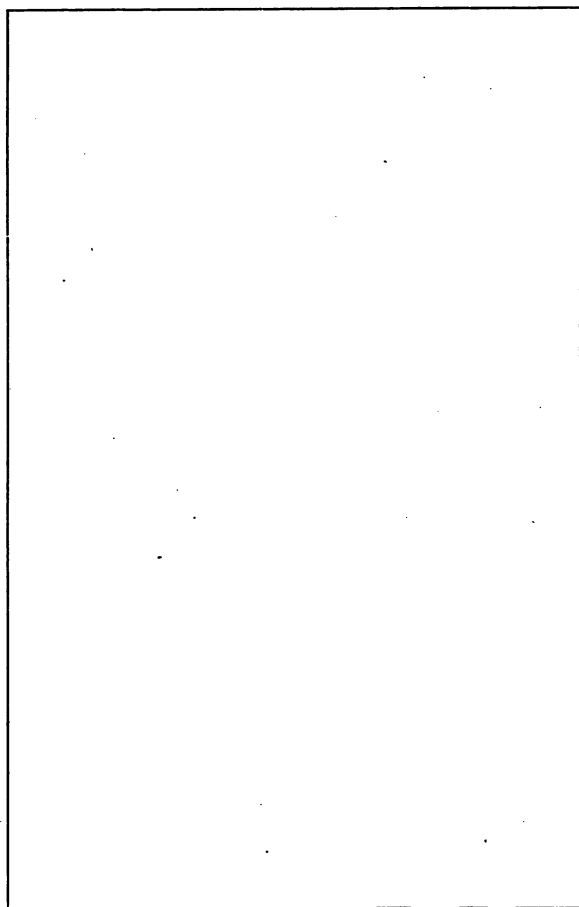
A tear for the dead who peacefully sleep!
A sigh for the living who somewhere roam!

But pity profound for the mother there,
Who will say no more, "They are coming
home."

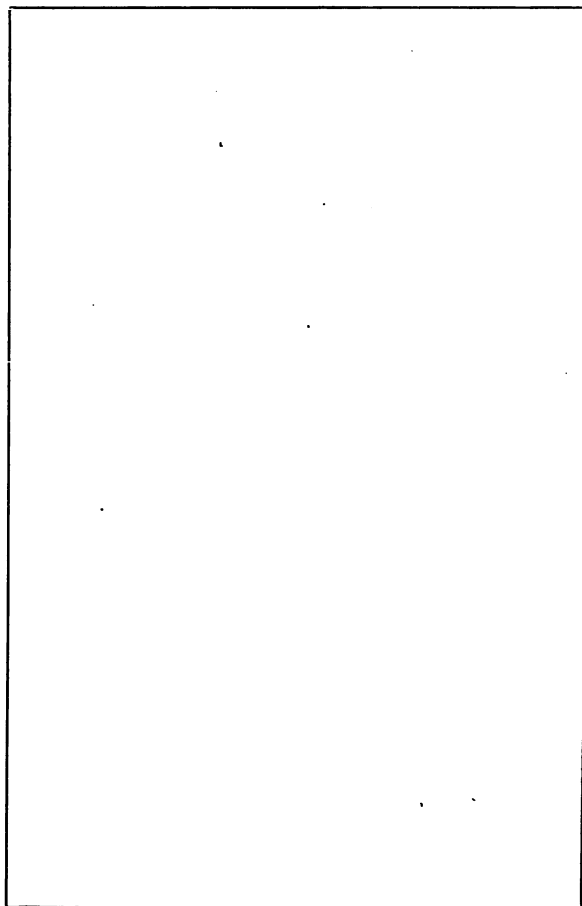




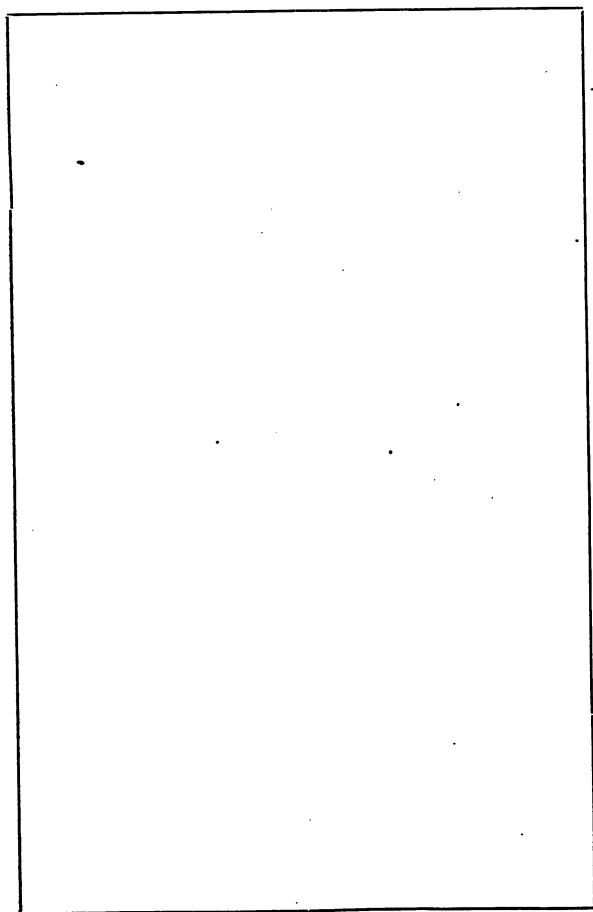
Asleep.



"I'm sleepy," and the little one tired of play,
Heated and weary on that summer day,
Lies down to sleep on the door's low sill,
And the hands are quiet, the voice is still:
Ah! darling, tired of play before 'tis noon?
Has life proven weary, alas, so soon?
What will it be when the toil and the strife
Shall come in the wearisome battle of life?
Ah! could we but shield thee in coming years
As easy as now from thy griefs and thy fears!
If ever the storms of life would be still
By laying the head on the old door sill!
But the days of childhood glide away,
And no kind hand can the mother lay
On the sleeping head as the passing years
Bring with them their burden of sorrow and
tears.



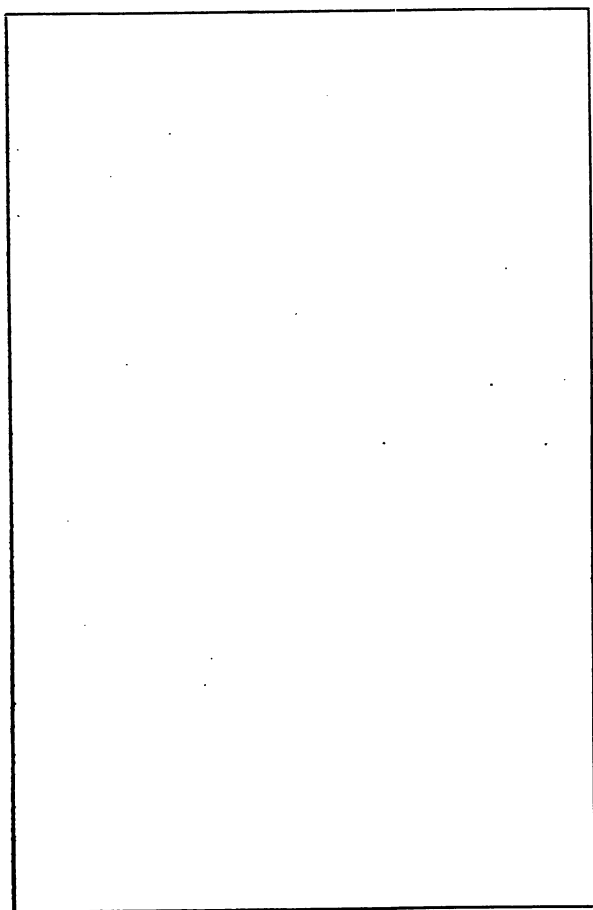
The Two-Faced Death.



Dread Death is near! I shudder at the sight!
An evil form in dank and gloomy shroud!
His face a horror. and his touch of ice!
All dark and fearful is thy face, O Death!

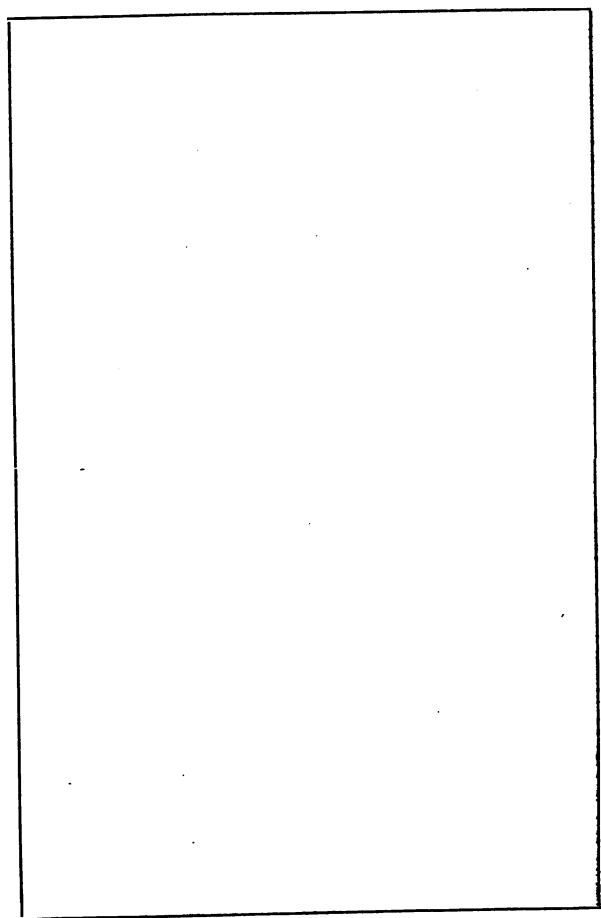
Death touches me! An instant and I pass
From earthly to the ghostly world beyond;
And looking back, I see him standing, still
A sentinel upon the borderland.
And, lo! his face is shining with the light
Of evening stars. His shroud is luminous
white;

His face, the visage of God's angel, which
Has touched, and turned me to the light.
'Twas but the earthly side I saw at first,
Kept dark, because in shadow from the light
Which shone full strong upon the heavenly
side.



The Monk's Vision.

**"Afar from earth I seemed to stand, and there
This vision passed before my wondering eyes."**



The great, Allwise, Eternal, God was dead.
The God of ages, God of might and power;
The Mystic, Dread, I AM, Who through all
time
Ruled all the universe, lay still in death.

The glorious symphony of earth and sky
Had ceased, and deathlike silence reigned in
heaven,
In state the Monarch lay before the throne;
His pall, a shining cloud of light, so bright,
And yet so terrible that none dare turn
His eyes upon the bier; and none dare lift
The pall, and gaze on that great One, man
thought
Could never die.

The deepest silence, then
Came slowly, lowly, sadly, forth, the deep

Toned funeral march, The heav'nly choir
was mute.

The air itself of heaven broke forth and throb'd
With low, sad, dirges for its King. Softly
It came — mysterious chanting, wild and
weird—

Ethereal, mystic symphonies; the Throne
Of God itself was sobbing its lament.
For without God, the very elements
Broke into minor, sobbing notes of pain.

II.

Around our earth the storm of ages swept.
All laws of nature were annulled, and all
Restraint which held the elements was gone.
The souls of those whose bodies were corrupt

Blew here and there before the storm with
moans,
In deep despair, crying that God was dead;
The sad refrain, in plaintive minor notes,
That God, the King of Souls, was now no
more.

For God was dead! No power was there to
stay
The tempest nor the wave of dark despair.
E'en Satan, in the lowest depths of hell,
That tempest feared, and bowed before the
doom
Which then approached him; for eternity
Even in hell was now tenfold a curse;
For even hell was held in place by God.
Now souls would sweep through all eternity

Before a storm which none could quell.

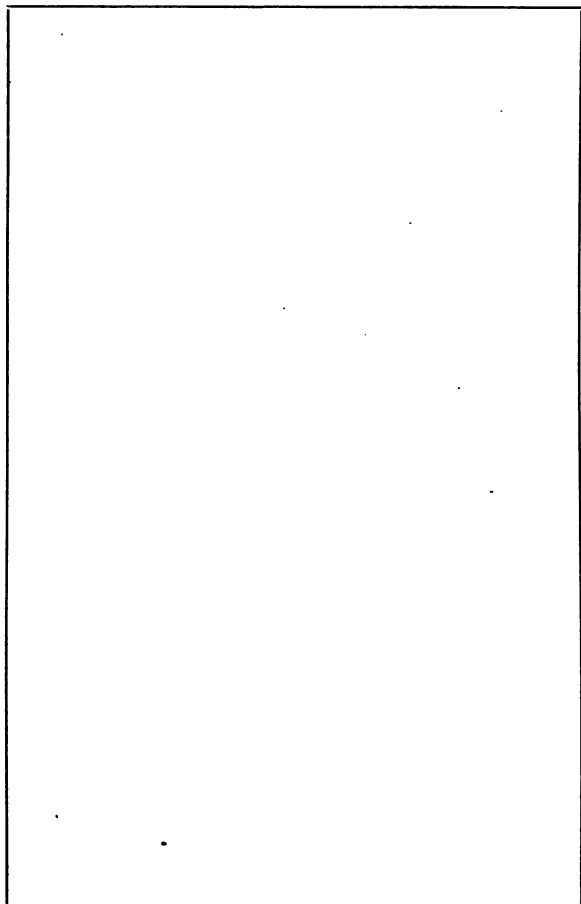
Then suns
Whirled into flaming suns; stars into stars;
And earth, and suns, and stars, all sky and
space

Were one in wildest chaos. And man's soul
Was left an aimless, helpless, suffering thing!
The finite and infinite doomed for aye!
And heaven was now no more: for heaven is
God,
And God was dead.

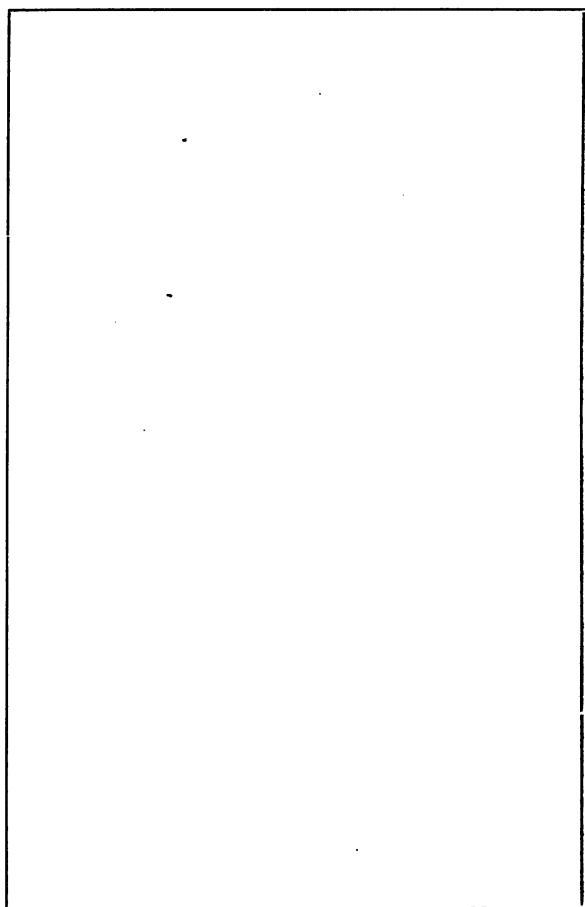
III.

Loud cried a voice from near
The Throne—swift passed the bier on wheels
of fire!—
A flash of light shone through all space, and
God

Was borne to His last, mystic, resting place.
And over all the sea and darkness rolled,
Surrounding, guarding, holding down the mass
Which now flew on through dark and crumb-
ling space.



**Ringin' 'Cross the Weary
Years.**



Years ago the Christmas chimes
Rang out over slopes of snow,
From a church tower on a hill,
To the village down below.

And the chimes rang this refrain:
"Christmas peace be thine today."
Whispered came the loving prayer,
"Christmas peace be thine alway."

Young hearts beat with gladness then,
As the chimes rang o'er the snow,
In that village 'neath the hill,
In the dreamlike long ago.

Ringin' 'cross the distant plains,
Ringin' 'cross the weary years,

Christmas chimes that once brought
joy,
Christmas chimes that now bring
tears;

This same message may you bear
To the village 'neath the hill,
"Dear ones of the long ago,
Christmas peace be with you still."